

NEW SERIES. No. 22.

THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

MAY 1st, 1814.

EXPLANATION OF THE CARICATURE.

"Otium cum Dignitate."

We offer to our readers a view of the "great regenerator," probably the last view, in which they will ever be indulged. He is by this time out of the means of mischief, and left to meditate on his murders. Are we to be blind to what has done this? The hand of God, and not of man, has stricken the man of blood. See, too, the superior wisdom by which all has been brought to its consummation. When Blucher was repulsed after having been in sight of the very steeples of Paris, all Europe was struck with consternation, and the day of the "evil triumph" was thought to be at hand. But this temporary suffering saved the world. A mightier power, the over that hardened Pharaoh's heart in the midst of the

sufferings of his people overshadowed the spirit of the homicide, and in a moment of exultation and madness he rejected his last chance for dominion. His life, his accursed and miserable life, has been left to him. But is not this a portion of his sentence? If he had perished in the first justice of the deliverers of France, would not some of the idiot admirers that licked the dust of his feet in the midst of his crimes, still labour to extract praise from his sufferings? But this was not to be. He was to be exhibited to the calm scorn of the universe; sanguinary and atrocious, he was to be shewn eager to screen his own black remnant of existence, and prove to the world that the most savage cruelty might be united with the most abject meanness. His whole gang have gone down with him, and the sketch which we give may at no great interval be matured into the regular family piece of the "Child of Providence *." Nicholas himself is reverting complacently to the occupations which would probably have been his unbroken lot, except for the massacres of Toulon and the "mitraille" of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Joseph, that "king of good fellows," contemplates, with natural disappointment, the emptiness of human pleasures. Admiral Joseph, finding the surface of the waters unproductive, tries the bottom; and Josephine, finding her Nicholas "*hors de combat*," is arranging a new dynasty with Bertrand.

* An expression that burst out from Mr. Whitbread's enthusiasm in the cause of—England of course. We hope he has repented of it—at least since his "*Emperor*" has fallen.

MANAGERS AND AUTHORS.

MR. SATIRIST,

Though you have frequently taken the managers of our theatres to task for their conduct towards authors—though you have told us a tragedy much superior to *Cato* (one of your own writing I suppose), has been a long time at one of the houses, and though you thought proper to flourish about in very good style when that theatrical *prodigy*, Mr. Raymond, took upon himself to turn the reproaches bestowed upon writers, against modern critics;—though you have done this, with all the warmth of a disappointed dramatist, and all the indignation of an insulted censor, you have never, even while noticing the extravagant efforts made to keep up a damned piece at either house, touched upon the real situation of authors. You have never pointed out the cause of that trembling anxiety which is so constantly displayed by those accomplished caterers for the public, the present managers of our national Theatres.

I can at once tell you, in very few words, the cause of this eagerness to force a bad play on the public.—It is because the managers are the authors of all the pieces produced under their auspices.—How! methinks I hear you exclaim, are they the authors of *all*? Why have we not Morton, and Reynolds, and Dibdin, and Smith, and Pocock, and then have we not Lawler and Parson Bates Dudley?—We certainly have persons so named, who are called authors, and who are said to have given many pieces, the names of which I forget, to the stage. But notwithstanding individuals so named are in existence, they are

not the true authors of the pieces brought out as theirs. They are but underlings employed in the manufactory; porters who carry in the materials for the principal artisans to work upon. They present pieces which contain some of the words, and as it some times falls out, a few of the characters, which afterwards appear in the productions foistered on the world as theirs; but it is the managers (assisted occasionally by the actors), who make the play. The process is as follows:—

A man, who calls himself an author, seduced by what Swift said of dramatic writing—that when successful it yielded a better harvest of gain than any other course of English literature—presents a play. The manager, if by accident a hint from a Lord, or the grin of a bottle companion, induces him to read it, after keeping it a year or two in his lumber rooms—changes the characters, orders a new denouement, and strikes out every tolerable thought he can find. The journeyman, or author as he is called, having made the alterations demanded, presents it a second time. It now occurs to the manager that it ought to be altered from a comedy to an opera, and the piece is again sent back to the labourer. A dozen or twenty things called songs are added to it, and it returns to the manager. The piece is now found to be too long. The author declares he does not know how to shorten it, as he has already thrown out every word that could be spared. From this difficulty he is happily relieved by the manager's pen, which at once strikes out two or three of the most essential scenes. The underling sighs and exclaims (*aside*)

“ Confusion how they’ve sacrificed my play ;

Oh, what a load of wit they’ve clipp’d away !”
and endeavours to reconcile himself to this last sacrifice,

when he is informed that it will be best after all to omit the songs, and bring it forward as a three act play. The journeyman, impatient for his wages, eagerly consents to any thing that sounds like forwarding the business, and as a three act play it goes to rehearsal.

It is now that the actors come forward to direct the finishing touches. Mr. A. thinks his part not long enough to give it all the importance with the audience which every character ought to have that he condescends to sustain. He wishes a few sentimental hits in the declamatory way to be introduced "to bring 'em down." Mrs. B. thinks her character rather heavy, and wishes something pretty and sprightly to be thrown in. Miss C. thinks the *double entendres* in her part rather too dull, and wishes the *sense* to be retained, while the words are changed, and the jest sacrificed. Mr. D. thinks a few repartees wanting in his character, in order to show off his vivacity and humour, and Mr. E. complains that he has not a single good speech to utter when going off. He demands a few bang-up clap-traps, that he may *exit with eclat*. The poor devil of a labourer, who is fagged more than the meanest scene shifter, after being harassed so much by the managers, thinks it economy to do every thing in his power to please these consequential gentry; and unmeaning sentiments, pointless witticisms, and puns which tell very well in the green-room, are manufactured on the spot, under the immediate direction of those who are to speak them. This game is repeated at every rehearsal, and at length the hopeful subject of their labours is exhibited on the stage with a few extempore corrections by the players. The piece is damned, but the managers repeat it every evening till the audience are tired of hissing, and the rational part of the theatre who are detained

by their company, sleep as soundly as if nothing was the matter.

The author, as he is called, feels that the piece which bears his name ought to be ascribed to any one but him ; but as the hope of profit had caused him to submit to these alterations, he is ashamed to give vent to his feelings. The gentry to whom the thing really belongs thus escape exposure, as at most the reputed author can only venture to do partial justice to his character by sticking in a few of the scenes which had been expunged, marked with inverted commas, and said to be " omitted in representation."

The degeneracy of the drama, therefore, as far as it is to be traced in the new plays brought out, rests with managers, &c. rather than with the professed authors of the present day. This at once accounts for the unvaried insipidity of modern dramatic performances. The same ignorance and debility of intellect is uniform in its operation on all. The best if not the only corrective, would be a publication on the same plan as " The Rejected Theatre," (it might be united with it) to consist of pieces which have been performed, printed as they were first presented. Such a work ought to give offence to nobody, and would much enlighten the public on this interesting subject. As matters now stand, I repeat it, managers ought to be considered the authors of all the bad pieces performed, and I put it to you, Mr. Sat, from what is known of their abilities, could " The Beaux 'Stratagem" of Farquhar, or " The School for Scandal" of Sheridan, have stood any tolerable chance of raising their author's reputation, had they been so *amended* as to hit the taste of our present theatrical monarchs? Can you doubt they would have been weeded of every particle of wit by their

corrections, and presented but a mass of insipidity and nonsense with their improvements?

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Q. B.

A NEW HOAX;

OR,

The Conquest of China.

MR. EDITOR,

I beg to forward the prospectus of a New Hoax. If you and one or two of your friends will join me in it, we can carry it into effect with great ease and perfect security.

I am an officer in the navy, and an M. P. A friend of mine can play the part of a foreign officer to admiration. This *gentleman*, after we have concluded our bargains on 'Change, shall start off some morning in a chaise and four, from Deal or Dover, (having first set the telegraph to work) with an account of the death of the Emperor of China, and the subjugation of the whole Chinese empire by the British arms.

Now when the trick is discovered, and the Stock Exchange Committee (if they should smoke us) are just about to prosecute, I, to satisfy the world that I am a *man of honour*, and a *lover of justice*, will offer to explain the whole for ten or fifteen thousand pounds (I think ten would be too little), and to convict the parties concerned. This offer shall be made through you; and you and your friends, to shew you have clean hands, and are disposed to be *liberal*, shall offer a thousand pounds each, towards

the fifteen to be paid to me. You can afford this, you know, as there will then be a good round sum left to be shared among us. I have a couple of poor devils at my command, who are willing to go to prison for a hundred pounds a year each, and will suffer themselves to be convicted. If these fellows go to prison for seven years, the expence will not be very great; and I think after the first year we need not pay them, as, for their own sakes, they will be afraid to expose us. But even if they should, we can go to America; though it is not to be supposed the public would attend to any thing they might say against *our honour*.

This I think will do. Let me have your answer immediately. I am sure you must like it; as the ends of justice will be answered by the imprisonment of my two journeymen.

I am,

SANDY MAC TAB.

ANECDOTES.

A man who had been thrice married, having lost his third wife, was advised by a friend to marry again. "I am willing to do as you desire, said he, but it must be made an article in the marriage contract *that my wife is not to die*, for I am tired of marrying women who die!"

A French Colonel of Cavalry was made a Bishop, and when he went to the church to be consecrated, found an immense crowd of people assembled to witness the ceremony. "Ladies and Gentlemen, (said he, begging them to make way for him) if you squeeze thus the one against the other it will be *impossible to manœuvrer*!"

THE BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PILE.

No. 8.

(Continued from page 288.)

On the 9th of September, 1585, Pope Sixtus V. launched a thundering bull against the King of Navarre (afterwards Henry IV. of France) and against the Prince of Condé. After having raised the pontifical power and authority above the legitimate limits, this Pope says, that he is obliged to arm himself with the apostolical sword against two sons of Anger, who have abused the clemency of the Holy See, and to proscribe them as relapsed heretics, and protectors of heretics, as public and notorious *defenders* of heresy, and enemies of God and religion. In consequence of these offences, he declares, that the King of Navarre has lost all his rights on the kingdom of Navarre, and on the principality of Béarn; is incapable of succeeding to any sovereignty, and in particular to the crown of France; deprives him, as well as the Prince of Condé, of all rights and privileges attached to their rank, and absolves their subjects from the oath of allegiance.

This bull was received in France with unbounded transports of joy by the League, who made use of it to excite hatred against Henry III. But the King of Navarre answered it in spirited terms, and through his friends at Rome, had interest enough to cause his answer to be made known in all the streets of Rome, and to be affixed

on the doors of the houses of all the Cardinals, and even on the gates of the Vatican, the Pope's palace. We shall give only an extract of it—" Henry, by the Grace of God, " King of Navarre, Sovereign Prince of Béarn, First " Peer and Prince of France, opposes himself to the " declaration of excommunication of Sixtus V. self-nominated Pope of Rome, and maintains it to be false, " and appeals against it as an abuse....On the point " of being accused of heresy, he declares it to be false, " and maintains that Monsieur Sixtus, self-nominated " the Pope, has said a malicious lie, and that he himself " is an heretic....He thinks and declares him to be " an antichrist and heretic, and considering him in this " quality, is resolved to have perpetual and irreconcilable war with him....; that if in former times the " Kings and Princes, his predecessors have been able to " chastise the temerity of such coxcombs, as this pretended Pope Sixtus is, whenever they have forgotten " their duties, and exceeded the limits of their vocation, " mixing the temporal with the spiritual: the same " King of Navarre, who is in nothing inferior to them, " hopes that God will graciously assist him in revenging " the injury done to his King, his house, his blood, to " all the Courts of Parliament in France, upon this mis-called Pope and his successors, &c. &c." The haughty Sixtus was sorely chagrined by this declaration, and could not conceive how they dared to post it in Rome itself. All the copies were carefully suppressed.

Pope Gregory XIV. had promulgated two bulls at Rome on the 1st of March, 1591, by one of which (following the steps of Sixtus) he declared Henry IV. an heretic, *relapsed*, excommunicated, and deprived of his kingdom; by the other he interdicted all the ecclesiastics

who continued their obedience to the King. He sent to France one Marsilio Landriano, as his legate, in order to publish the bulls there, and, under this pretence, to raise rebellion in the heart of the French nation, which at that time was strongly inclined to it. By an Act of the Parliament, which was then sitting at Flavigny, and dated the 29th of February, 1591, these bulls were declared null, void, abusive, as being against the decrees, privileges, and liberties of the Gallican Church, and contrary to the authorities and the privileges of the kingdom; it is ordered by the said Act, that the Legate Landriano, wherever he could be found, should be arrested, and brought under strong guard into the prison of the Parliament, called Conciergerie, and the person or persons so doing should receive a premium of ten thousand livres. It also prohibits, under pain of death, his concealment or reception in any house. By another Act of the 13th of August of the same year, 1591, it was ordered that the bull of Gregory XIV. should be burnt before the gates of the Palace of Justice; and by the same Act, Gregory was declared an enemy to the King, to the state of France, and to the peace of Christendom; and it further authorises the Attorney-General to appeal to a future Council against the intrusion to the Holy See of Cardinal Ifrondato, self-called "Pope Gregory XIV."

In the year 1653, great disturbances happened in France on account of the bull of Pope Innocent X. against the doctrine of Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres. The bull of the present Pope Pius VII. against Buonaparte, when he took possession of Rome, produced only the imprisonment of the Pope, though the Corsican remains excommunicated to this day, with his Ministers, Generals, Officers, and army, who took possession of the Roman estates.

Those of our readers who should be curious to peruse the whole history of the Papal Bulls, may consult the following works:—*Bibliothèque des Auteurs Ecclesiastiques*, by Lewis Ellies Dupin;—*Histoire Générale des Auteurs Sacres, et Ecclesiastiques*, by Remis Cellier; and *Histoire Ecclesiastique*, by Fleury.

CHARRON. *De la Sagesse, trois Livres, par Pierre Charron, à Bordeaux, 1601, 8vo.*

This edition is particularly remarkable, because it contains many things which have been either corrected or suppressed in the other editions. Two doctors of Sorbonne censured this work and roused the University, the Sorbonne, and the Châtelet, against its author, but the President Jeannin stood by him and permitted the sale of it, as a state book. Father Garasse, a celebrated monk, was not so indulgent, and considered Charron a dangerous heretic, as much as Théophylus and Vanini; and still more so, as he says he displays his errors in an ingenious style and without acrimony. The principal bold conceptions attributed to Charron are these:—religions do not come from God but from men.—The immortality of the soul is a doctrine the most universally believed, and the least proved. He makes an Atheist say that religion is an invention of men to keep the populace in good order. At page 137, of the edition we refer to, it is said, “All religions have this in common, that they are strange and horrible to common sense.” Such and many other passages have been suppressed in all the other editions. Peter Charron was born at Paris in the year 1541, and died there in 1603.

CHOIRIER.—*Aloysiæ Sigæ toletanæ Satyra sotadica de arcanis Amoris et Veneris.* (Auctore Nicolas Choirier.) 12mo.

This abominable work is the most licentious in existence. It was falsely attributed to the illustrious Louisa Sigæa of Toledo, who died in 1560, but it is really of Nicolas Choirier, a lawyer, of Grenoble. This infamous work was received as it deserved, it was proscribed, and the printer was obliged to leave off his trade, and to run away to avoid punishment. The six first dialogues were printed at Grenoble, and the seventh at Geneva. Some pretend that the latinity of this book is as pure as the subject is abominable; while others say it is not above mediocrity; but dispassionate judges of Latin speak much of its elegance.

CONDILLAC.—*Cours d'Etudes pour le Prince de Parme,* par Etienne Bonnot de Condillac. Parme, Bodoni, 1775, (under the name of Deux-Ponts, 1782). 13 volumes large, 8vo.

The Court of Spain demanded the suppression of this work, and the Prince of Parma stopped the publication: two or three copies only are to be found with the date of *Parme*, 1775, and *Bodini's* name; the other copies are mutilated, and have the date of *Deux-Ponts* 1782. Mr. Renouard, in his *Catalogue des Livres imprimés par J. B. Bodoni* gives the following anecdote of this work:

“This edition,” says he, “which is the original one, printed at Parma in the year 1775, bears the date of *Deux-Ponts*, 1782; whilst the counterfeit printed at *Deux-Ponts*, in 16 volumes 8vo. has the date of *Parme*,

1776. To explain this it must be known, that as soon as the edition of Parma was complete, the Court of Spain, disapproving of many passages, in which were found truths rather too bold, demanded its suppression of the Prince of Parma. The publication of the work was immediately prohibited; but happily two or three copies were already out of the printing office, and this excellent work was preserved. One of these copies was reprinted at Deux-Ponts with the date of Parma, and the people ignorant of the circumstances which happened at Parma took it for the original edition. At last, in the year 1782, the sale of Bodoni's edition was permitted to appear, on condition of bearing the date of Deux-Ponts 1782, and some mutilations, which were replaced by new leaves. Some of these copies have both the old and new leaves, and consequently are more valuable to the amateurs."

It has been made a reproach to Condillac that in his *Traité des Sensations*, he has laid down some principles, from which the materialists have drawn dangerous conclusions. He was born at Grenoble, in 1715, and died at Flux, in 1780.

COURAYER.—*Dissertation sur la validité des Ordinations Anglicanes*, par Pierre—François le Courayer. *Bruxelles*, 1723, 2 vol. 12mo. *Defense de cette Dissertation*, 1725, 4 vol. 12mo. *Addition à cette Défense*, 1723, 1 vol. 12mo.

This author was a regular canon of St. Austin, and librarian of St. Genevieve. Being an opposer of the Bull *Unigenitus*, he published this book on the validity of the Anglican ordinations, in which he examined the power of the Roman pontiff, and the rights of the bishops to judge in matters of doctrine. He engaged himself in opinions

contrary to those of the church; and his work was strongly attacked by Dom Gervaise, Hardouin, and Lequier; against whom he defended himself in the two above-mentioned works. His answers were written with haughtiness and spirit, and were, as well as his dissertation, highly disapproved of by the archbishop of Paris, and many other bishops, and suppressed by a decree of the council, dated the 7th of Sept. 1727. Father Courayer, who had despised all other censures, was, however, very sensible to the excommunication pronounced upon him by the general of his order, and fled to London in the year 1728, where he died in 1776, in the 93d year of his age.

DIDEROT and DALEMBERT.—*Encyclopedie ou Dictionnaire raisonné des Sciences, des Arts, et des Metiers, par une Société de Gens de Lettres, mis en ordre et publié par M. Diderot; et quant à la partie Mathématique, par M. D'Alembert.* Paris, Briasson, 1751-1772, 17 vol. fol. *Planches*, 11 vol. fol.—*Supplément à l'Encyclopedie*, Amsterdam, (Paris) 1776-1777, 4 vol. fol.; *Planches*, 1 vol. fol.—*Table analytique et raisonnée des matieres contenues dans les 33 vols. de l'Encyclopedie* (par M. Mouchon), Paris, 1780, 2 vol. fol. en tout 35 vol. fol.

The editors of this immense and wonderful work experienced great obstacles from the beginning of their labours. As soon as the two first volumes were before the public, the impression was suspended by a decree of the council of the 7th Feb. 1752, because it contained some bold propositions on government and religion. About the end of the year 1753, permission was given to print more volumes, when five more appeared, but in the year 1757 denun-

ciations against the work began again, the privilege of printing it was recalled by a new decree of the 8th of March, 1759, and the continuation was prohibited. However, between this date, and the year 1766, the remaining volumes were printed and some copies secretly distributed. The clergy who had authentically proscribed this work in August, 1765, complained to the government, which demanded the list of those subscribers who had copies, and they were ordered in the king's name to bring them all to the lieutenant of police; and the booksellers, authors and contributors to the work were all imprisoned in the Bastille. All these measures were the consequence of the bad management with which the writers exposed their opinions on the delicate subjects of religion and politics. However, the publication of the last volumes was tolerated under the protection of Messrs. de Choiseul and Malsherbes, enlightened ministers, and other great personages.

We think proper, for the satisfaction of the curious, to give an abridged history of the origin and formation of the French Encyclopedia, and how Diderot and D'Alembert conceived the first idea of such a work. The English Encyclopedia, by Ephraim Chambers, had been known several years, and an English gentleman, perfectly conversant with the French language undertook the task of printing a French translation of it. In the year 1743, John Mills went about this work, having associated in his labour, Sellius, a native of Dantzick, formerly a professor at Hall. They applied to Lebreton, a printer and bookseller of Paris. Being both foreigners, and not knowing the formalities requisite before sending a work to press, the printer undertook the charge of soliciting a privilege for them; but instead of doing so, he procured one in his own name. When Mills was made acquainted

with this fraud, he complained bitterly, and with so much noise that Lebreton made a formal declaration and cession of his privilege in favour of Mills. But this act was soon discovered to be void from a want of a certain formality, which Lebreton concealed from him. Mills then, by a subsequent arrangement gave up part of his privilege to Lebreton, who proposed to open a subscription to the work, to which Mills consented; however, Lebreton omitted again purposely some formalities in the *prospectus*. The number of the subscribers was soon considerable; when Mills asked some money in advance from Lebreton, who gave him only bad words. A criminal suit was instituted by the translator against the bookseller, but the sentence not giving satisfaction to Mills, he appealed to the parliament. Meanwhile Lebreton profited by the want of formalities in the first privilege, had it annulled, and another drawn in his own name, dated Jan. 21, 1746, for the *Encyclopedie* by Diderot and d'Alembert. Thus Mills was deprived of the honour and benefit of a work, of which the first idea, the plan and execution belonged to him alone, and without any other fault of his, than having, without knowing it, omitted formalities of law, by the treacherous conduct of Lebreton, his bookseller, who ought to have protected him. He in consequence came over to England, and Sellius, his partner, died in a mad-house at Charenton, in 1767. The booksellers of this work, of which 4200 copies were printed, were Briaçon, Lebreton, David and Durand.

(*To be Continued.*)

IMPERIAL TITLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

SIR,

I am not surprised nor can I be offended that the disaffected, low, and ignorant among us, should have prided themselves in lavishing those titles upon Buonaparte which he assumed on seizing the supreme power in France. To such persons it was a sufficient recommendation to adopt this course, that it was offensive to the good and loyal part of the community, and injurious (as much as their acts could be injurious) to their country and its government. But, Sir, I am by no means inclined to extend my indulgence to the learned and informed class of British subjects; to periodical writers, in whom this offence is a sort of petty treason, nor to the graver description of authors, whose labours are intended for posterity. The unprincipled few in the former rank have been, however, requited to my satisfaction by the general neglect into which their productions have fallen, and the marked manner in which the public rejects the purchase of their effusions.—I leave the Morning Chronicle, the Examiner, the Weekly Register (which, by the way, I learn Cobbett has contrived to get some idiots to buy from him) the Monthly Magazine, the Dublin Post, and all the sinking train of scandalous and traitorous *ephemerides* which disgrace the press, to that poverty to which the sound sense of England has doomed them by restricting their circulation to a very small number; a number

which is, besides, daily decreasing in consequence of the glorious events to which opposite principles have led.*

The latter rank too, are, I presume, punished for their disregard of their country's honour and interest, by the turn of affairs, which exposes to contempt and scorn every unpatriotic page in which the title of Emperor, or other phrase of unworthy eulogy occurs, as applied to our enemy, the usurper Buonaparte. The mortification of these men must now be extreme, and I look to see the offensive passages in their lucubrations expunged in all their new editions.

You will lament to learn that the chief matter which led to these remarks was my meeting in a no less *national* and excellent work than DOCTOR REES' Cyclopædia, the

* The following from a loyal and able provincial paper, *The Nottingham Gazette*, shews that the Monthly Magazine (as recorded in a former number of the *Satirist*) is not the only jacobinical and rascally work which is reprobated and dismissed from patriotic associations on account of pernicious and disgusting qualities:—

“ At a Quarterly Meeting of Subscribers to the News-Room at the Red Lion Inn, in Ripley, held this 22d day of February, 1814,

“ It was Resolved,

“ That the Editor's comments in the *Nottingham Review* of last week, contain a most infamous LIBEL upon the gallant and humane Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian Army, Field-Marshal Prince VON SCHWARTZENBURGH, couched in language which no other Editor would have disgraced his columns with; particularly in that assertion, “ *Savage Chieftain*.”

“ It was therefore Unanimously Resolved,

“ That the *Nottingham Review* be indignantly turned out of the News-Room.

“ Ripley, Feb. 22, 1814.”

(*Nottingham Gazette*.)

following statement under the head "Paris," and referring to the National Institute of France:—

"Of the National Institute his *Imperial Majesty* (*Buonaparte*) *himself* is a member, and the reputation of this learned body exceeds that of any other learned society in the world!!!"

I cannot help thinking that this *lapsus* escaped the supervision of the conductors of the publication in question, and that they would upon noticing it have expunged so offensive a paragraph, even had the tyrant been more successful than he has been. At any rate, neither his flatterers in England, nor the French Institute itself, will be gratified by the remembrance of this basely bestowed encomium, which would derive credit to a distinguished body from the source of its disgrace and ignominy.

I shall not, Sir, trespass further upon you, especially as I imagine we are in little danger of further insults of the kind I have noticed in behalf of the outlaw of Elba.

I am, &c.

BRITANNICUS.

SPIRIT OF THE JOURNALS,

No. 3.

(Continued from page 326.)

MELANCHOLY ANTICIPATION.

I'm driven by misfortune from that peaceful dwelling,
Where the kiss of affection dispell'd ev'ry care;
But now, ah! how chang'd, my proud heart is rebelling
At Fate, for her mandate engenders despair.

Consumption, the shadow of death, hovers o'er me,
And darkens the prospect that Fancy had wove,
Seals the mandate of Fate, which is "ne'er to restore me",
"To the land I was born in," the land that I love.

"Chill Penury" adds to my load of affliction,
Which Religion alone can assist me to brave,
And stamps in my bosom the dreadful conviction,
That no Peace I shall find till I rest in my grave.

THE LILY.

Shall spring smile again, and shall nature resume
Her mantle of verdure, her garland of bloom,
Yet the Lily alone still lie frozen and dead!
Ye lilies arise, rear your beautiful head!

Hail, hail to the Lily, it lives and it blows,
Protected its buds by *the thorn of the Rose!*

Though England no more on her banner advance,
Which her Edward had won, the fair Lilies of France,
Yet at England's high call shall again be unfurl'd
The Lilies of France, to the joy of the world.

Hail, hail to the Lily, &c.

Yes, Britain! from thee has the sentiment sprung,
Which glows in the old, and shall blaze in the young,
Which proclaims to the Tyrant, Humanity's foe,
That France calls for her Bourbon, and feels with Bordeaux.

Then hail, &c.

Then high rear the standard, and widely unfold
The Banner of silver, the Lilies of gold.

Down, down with the Eagle, its talons no more
Shall revel unsated in oceans of gore.

All hail to the Lily, it lives and it blows,
Protected its buds by the thorn of the Rose.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

The redolent Rose and the Lily so sheen,
Soft Zephyr beheld with a sigh,
Their blossoms expanding—close mantling their green,
Observ'd by an *enemy's* eye.

Too soon the despoiler *one victim* had found,
For the Rose was deep arm'd by a thorn ;
And the Lily alone fell a prey to the ground,
Nor rear'd with the blushes of morn.

Next came the *destroyer* with rancour and art,
To crush Britain's bud in its pride ;
But the thorn of the Rose rent his traiterous heart,
And he fell where the Lily had died.

Then hey for the Rose of Old England so rare,
Ye Britons its valour enhance ;
And up with the trampled on Lily so fair,
The National Lily of France !!

E. B.

A party of social friends having met on Friday evening last, in honour of the glorious news which arrived that day, at Edinburgh, of the taking of Paris, Mr. Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd) was called on for a song, when he recited the following verses :—

Now, Britain, let thy cliff's o' snaw
Look prouder o'er the merled main,
The bastard eagle bears awa'
An' ne'er will e'e thy shores again.

Come, bang thy banners to the wain,
The struggle's past, the prize is won;
Weel may thy lion shake his mane,
An' turn his grey beard tō the sun.

Oft ha'e I bragg'd o' thine and thee,
Even when thy back was at the wa';
Now thou my proudest sang shall be,
As lang as I ha'e breath to draw.

Where now the coofs who boded wae,
And caldness o'er thy efforts threw;
And where the proudest fellest fae
Frae hell's black porch that ever flew.

O! he might conquer queens an' kings,
They're nought but specks in Nature's plan;
But fool is he the yoke that flings
O'er the unshakled soul of man.

'Tis like a cobweb o'er the breast,
That blinds the giant while asleep;
Or curtain hung upon the east,
The daylight from the world to keep.

Here's to the hands sae long upbore
The rose and shamrock blooming still;
And here's the burly plant of yore,
The thistle of the norland hill.

Lang may auld Britain's banners pale
Stream o'er the seas her might has won;

Lang may her lions paw the gale,
And turn their dewlaps to the sun.

LINES

Written at the grave of Burns.

Dum jnga montis aper, fluvios dum pisces amabit
Dumq : thymo pascentur apes dum rore cicadæ
Semper honos: nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.

VIRG.

Let Spring with hand profuse bedeck the sward,
And shed her glories o'er the fallen bard,
Here his own *daisy* should, on slender stem,
Wave o'er the Poet's grave its "*bonnie gem*,"
Here carolling to heav'n, from "*milk white thorn*,"
Should burst the choicest melodies of morn;
Aye, here a pile should rise upon the view,
Nobler than Eastern Monarch ever knew.

With tearful eye e'en now EDINA mourns
Sky-rapt, or earth beguil'd, her darling BURNS.
And soon the land that gave the "*Bardie*" birth,
Shall raise the pile o'er this all-hallowed earth.
But though the rank grass o'er his head should wave,
Nor song should bless, nor flowers bedeck his grave,
Nor monumental lay deplore the doom
Of Genius, sinking to an early tomb,
Yet round his name shall Glory's halo sweep,
Through days to come, through ages yet that sleep;
And his lov'd COILA shall exulting cry,
"Thy fame, my matchless son, can NEVER die."

Plymouth Dock.

N. T. C.

Since the preceding lines were written, a spirited subscription has commenced in India and in Scotland, for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the immortal Scottish Bard.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD MONTGOMERIE.

Roll on, dark Ayr, thy troubled stream,
Thy murmuring falls and broken flow
Accord with Sorrow's hapless theme,
Congenial with the tone of Woe!

Far from thy rocky banks and bowers,
Where Illicenian breezes rise,
'Midst grey Lucencia's frowning towers,
By strangers wept, MONTGOMERIE lies.

And who unmov'd shall name that name?
And who unmov'd that name shall hear?
What bosom shall refuse a sigh?
What eye repress the starting tear?

His was the mien and manners bland,
That Friendship met with soft return;
Yet his a spirit to command,
That might have blazed o'er Otterburn*.

The sordid though ennobled knave,
May shrink in scowling night from scorn,
But Honour's son the gaze may dare,
And rise resplendent with the morn.

Sad are the scenes we deemed so gay,
On *Fail's* green margin lonely now!

* Where his ancestors took Earl Percy prisoner.

And melancholy tunes the lay
Of every warbler on the bough.

And lost the hopes of happier days !
Ah ! Recollections pangs are there !
But Winter comes, the leaf decays,
And withered are the banks of Ayr.

Roll on, dark Ayr, thy troubled stream,
Thy murmuring falls and broken flow
Accord with Sorrow's hapless theme,
Congenial with the tone of Woe.

A. B.

ON THE ENTRY OF THE ALLIES INTO PARIS,
On the last day of March, 1814.

Q. What is the news by Captain Harris ?

A. The allies have *closed* their *March* at *Paris* !

WRITTEN UNDER A NOTICE WHICH IS AFFIXED
TO THE WALL OF THE AD——Y.

When M—— posted up "No beggars here,"
The bonny Scots were put in muckle fear,
Till C—— whispered, "This concerns not you, Sirs,
For Scotchmen are not beggars *here* but chusers !"

EXPLANATION OF A NEW MILITARY PHRASE.

Though Blucher suffered (as Nap swore,)
"Annihilation" twice,

He's risen now, we find, once more,—
No doubt to suffer thrice.

From whence some critics I could name,
Suppose, as words are us'd,
That being *reduc'd to nought's* the same
As being *nought reduc'd*.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

(The Thought from the French.)

When one and one, my dear, make *two*
In Love's arithmetic, 'twill do;
But 'tis the Devils (we all agree),
When one and one by chance make *three*.

VALENTINE.

Sent to a Miser.

"Come" starve with me, "and be my love,
"And we will all the pleasures prove"
Of saving every penny;
And thou shalt labour all thy years,
And vow to heav'n, and melt in tears,
And wretched be as any.

Oh! be my darling Valentine,
And thou shalt never sup or dine,
But guineas keep to weigh them;
And bills as long, thy file shall see,
And thou shalt pause as long as he,
Who never means to pay them!

A PUN.

A recent Hoax, tho' somewhat dirty,
 Had Omnium rais'd and made it 'Thirty ;
 The White Cockade (but look not grum),
 Will make the Omnium—*Omni-hum*.

A RECOMMENDATION.

The Rogue, who hoax'd the Stock Exchange,
 And all their ready got,
 Whatever folks may say or swear,
 Was surely a *Sharp Shot*.

And since Bill Soames, at Bot'ny Bay,
 Can pockets pick no more,
 This Hoaxer seems the properest man
 To head his *Rifle Corps*.

LEX TALONIS,

*Or an Appropriate Punishment for the late Stock-Jobbing
 Imposition.*

'Tis said the lawyers cannot hit
 Upon a punishment that's fit
 For this offence. What blocks !
 Some talk of flogging, some of fine,
 While some to pillory incline,
 But none have named—the *Stocks*.

IMPROMPTU.

Whence has this mighty bustle sprung
 On Young and Kean and Kean and Young ;

Since to a letter it is seen
That Kean is Young, and Young is Keen.

A DEMOCRATIC DITTY.

Tune " Drops of Brandy."

We Jacks who at loyalty sneer,
And vent us in doggrel verses,
Once more like old Balaam appear,
The country to bless with our *curses* ;
We hope the return of those days,
When our hoots made the darkness more awful,
For, like bats, we now blink in this blaze,
Like owls, complain with a crawful.

Rum-ti, &c.

The Prince we once flatter'd in gross,
But his *ways* our pure consciences shock, sir,
Since he will not be led by the nose,
We would fain lead his head—to the block, sir ;
He has lost his old friends, and *but* gain'd,
His father's, Old England's and Europe's,
While his reign has our pockets soon drain'd
For fireworks, feasts, candles, and new ropes.
His Ministers, blood-thirsty band !
Refus'd to make peace at our motion,
When, claiming all power upon land,
Nap modestly ask'd but the ocean !
But they rous'd England's Lion, whose jaws
Have cost Heav'n knows what to the treasury,
Nor would e'en draw his teeth, clip his claws,
Or cage him in Boney's menagerie.

Had the Talents been still at their work,
We had sav'd Copenhagen's foul stain, sir,
They'd have bullied Liniers and the Turk,
But had ne'er bullied Boney in Spain, sir;
Then at home we're so frugal and sure,
To audit their own accounts learning,
Quite neglecting themselves, but the poor,
O!—they—trebled the tax on their earning.

Von Marquis shall ne'er be forgiven,
He has given us and Boney the *lie*, sirs;
Nor into the sea would be driven,
Nor be ta'en, tho' we gave him his choice, sirs;
But we wise men of Gotham maintain,
That he but fulfill'd Boney's deep plans, sir,
Who forc'd him at last out of Spain,
And made him retreat—into France, sir.

Fools! to say that the deeds he has done
Shall reflect on Old England a blaze, sir,
And be handed from father to son
Like Cressy or Agincourt's days, sir;
That *alone*, death, defiance, and shame,
In the teeth of the Tyrant he hurl'd, sir,
Till Europe, arous'd by his fame,
Combin'd in the cause of the world, sir!

But Nap had consum'd all his foes,
If—the frost in the North had not set in,
If—the rivers with rains had not rose,
If—the Corporal the Bridge had not let in;
If all nations had stuck to his cause,
And warr'd with the lands of their birth, sir,
He had justified all our applause,
And been “the first captain on earth,” sir,

Then, he beats at a *race* or *retreat*,
Achilles and Xenophon hollow,
He has distanc'd his foes every heat,
His eagles themselves could not follow ;
“ Paris lads ” kindly left in the lurch,
Disguis'd march'd the militant Saint, sir,
But piously paus'd at each church,
For—colours, his *land skip* to paint, sir.

Now Francis, and Fred, and the Russ,
With his long bearded long speared savages,
Join Swiss, Swedes, Danes, Dons, Dutch, and us,
Our hearts bleed to think on their ravages ;
Were these e'er by Boney provok'd,
Did Frenchmen e'er pillage or flame, sir,
'Bout “ marching to Paris,” we jok'd,
But to go were a grand burning shame, sir.

Friend Madison deem'd us o'erpower'd,
And for Freedom's sake kindly would *back* us,
'Gainst Orders in Council we roar'd,
And we still fondly hope he will thwack us,
Till *naturaliz'd* Britons thenceforth,
May *legally*, 'spite of your pother,
Wage war with the land of their birth,
And butcher friend, father, and brother.

We are citizens thus of the world,
A name at which nations now groan, sirs ;
Our foes, all to Hell be they hurl'd,
Say it means any land but our own, sirs :
The farther they tell us we roam,
And the more England's foes the more civil,
But dropping disguises near home,
Are no hypocrites there but—the Devil.

We are patriots, true to the bone,
Tho', like Proteus, we change shapes and puzzle,
Here, "stop thief," we cry after the crown,
And, like pickpockets, hope for a hustle;
But can cringe full as well as presume,
As interest or fear gives the cue, sirs,
Thus the lips that pronounc'd Louis' doom
Soon slaver'd to lick Boney's shoe, sirs.

O the days when the guillotine stood,
Which did for the loyal so tidy,
We still have a "hankering for blood,"
Like Robinson Crusoe's man Friday;
But law ties up all but our tongues,
In vain sweet Sir Samuel still strives, sir,
For rascals, "and traitors in throngs"
Are still put in fear of their lives, sir.

O the times when Equality's name
Was the watch-word for plunder and slaughter;
When Freedom gave each one a claim
To make free with your wealth, wife, or daughter;
When to kings endless hatred he swore,
And danc'd around Liberty's tree, sirs,
Till Boney, the King we adore,
Arose, and we all bow'd the knee, sirs.

The "loyal" malign him in vain,
As dastardly, faithless, and cruel,
For putting some Turks out of pain,
And giving his sick some good gruel;
But Toussaint, and Pichegru, and Palm,
And D'Enghein and Wright speak, tho' sleeping,
How royal, and secret, and calm,
He gave them to God's holy keeping.

'Bout religion, but fools make a fuss,
But has he not more than a many,
Turk, Papist, or liberal like us,
He can manage with no God or any;
Then how solemn and various his oaths!
He has sworn round the compass, nor falter'd,
And kept them, as Jews prize their clothes,
"All better ash new *turn'd* and *alter'd*."

Firm in friendship, and faithful in peace,
In keeping of treaties a paragon,
And grateful to what an excess,
Know the Kings of the Castiles and Arragon;
He saw them still true to his fate,
And pouring their blood and their treasure,
And he *stole* them from troubles of state,
And would *do for 'em* both with great pleasure.

The Spaniards! who ask'd their consent?
Like us "they had nothing to fight for;"
Mayn't a man by main force, if well meant,
His ill-govern'd neighbour's house right, sir?
When he came, to receive him they *rose*,
He'd have fain made them merry, God knows,
When he left, Joe was drinking, Spain *smoking*,
But the fools were too grave to bear Joe-*king*.

Happy France! which no Borough betrays,
By spies *represented* and fill'd, sirs,
No recruitings—conscription just says,
"Dilly, dilly, come here and be kill'd, sirs;"
With a code far too grand for *poor* laws,
With martial laws, better, I dare avouch,
Than the say of twelve fools, or the saws
Of a red rigg'd and big wigg'd old scaramouch.

Then here's to the "Emperor and King,"
 His wives and the wives of King Jerry,
 And may every loyalist swing,
 Who with his disasters makes merry ;
 In England may patriots prevail,
 May Doctor Dromgodle poison Paddy soon,
 May writers and rhymers still rail,
 And the R—t be d— and his daddy soon.

THE TWO BRACELETS.

A Farmer General, one Monsieur B——,
 Who dwelt in France when *Louis* held the throne,
 Liv'd like a prince, from every trouble free,
 Except a wife—(th' exception's large I own,)
 For she was fat as any Marchioness,
 And given to extravagance in dress.

One day she bought a pair of bracelets—such
 As few but royal damsels would bespeak ;
 They cost—I cannot recollect how much,
 But they were quite magnificent—unique ;
 And having clasp'd them on, away she flies
 Off to the Opera to shew her prize.

It happen'd that the Queen was there that night,
 Just opposite the box that Madam took,
 And on the bracelets with intense delight

Frequently look'd—or else appear'd to look ;
 For she took special care to have them seen,
 As if on purpose to outvie the Queen.

Soon to the box came a Page, attired
 In the Queen's proper liv'ry, all in style,

And in the name of Majesty, required
One of the bracelets for a little while,
That by her eye she might the pattern take,
And order some of the exact same make.

Off went the sparkling bauble in a trice,
While her roug'd cheeks with exultation burn,
As bowing to the royal party thrice,
She patiently expected its return ;
But when the Queen retired, and none was sent,
Our Dame began to wonder what it meant.

A Lord in Waiting soon confirm'd her fears,
“ Oh, that pretended Page I've often seen,
“ A noted sharper—has been such for years ;
“ Madam, you're robb'd—he came not from the Queen :
“ I knew the rogue, and should have had him taken,
“ But that he slipp'd away, and sav'd his bacon.”

Boiling with anger, Madam call'd her coach,
And drove to the *Bureau de la Justice*,
Where with loud tongue, and many a keen reproach,
About the shameful state of the police,
She call'd upon the Provost for relief,
And bade him send his man to catch the thief.

Early next morn she heard the knocker's din,
Her heart beat high, with expectation big,
When lo ! the Provost's Clerk was usher'd in,
A formal consequential little prig,
Who, with a mighty magisterial air,
Hem'd ! and began his business to declare.

“ Madam, a man is brought to our Bureau,
“ On whom was found a bracelet of great cost,

"And we are all anxiety to know
 "Whether or not it is the one you lost;
 "Wherefore I'll take the other if you please,
 "Just to compare, and see if it agrees."

"Dear Sir, I'm overjoy'd---'tis mine I'm sure,
 "Such a Police as our's few can boast!
 "Here, take the bracelet---keep the rogue secure,
 "I'll follow you in half an hour at most;
 Ten thousand thanks—I hope you'll trounce the spark---
 "Open the door, there, for the Provost's Clerk."

O! how she chuckled as she drove along,
 Settling what pangs the pilferer should feel,
 No punishment appear'd to her too strong,
 E'en should the wretch be broken on the wheel;
 For what infliction could be reckon'd cruel,
 To one who would purloin so rich a jewel!

Arrived at the *Bureau*, her joy finds vent,
 "Well, Mr. Provost, where's the guilty knave?
 "The other bracelet by your Clerk I sent,
 "Doubtless it matches with the one you have;
 "Why, then, outstretch your mouth with such surprize,
 "And goggle on me thus with all your eyes?"

"La! bless me, Ma'am, you're finely hoax'd---good lack!
 "I sent no clerk, no thief have we found out;
 "And the important little prig in black,
 "Was the accomplice of the Page no doubt---
 "Methinks the rascals might have left you one,
 "But *both* your bracelets now are fairly gone."

BONAPARTE'S LAST ADDRESS TO HIS
FRIENDS AND SOLDIERS.

Fontainebleau, April 2, 1814.

Ye CHIEFS of *my Gang*!—who my footsteps have follow'd
Thro' forest or brake—as I whistled or halloo'd :
Who o'er Christian or Jew, over Russian or Turk,
Obey'd all my signals, and still did your work ;
Who copying my title, have “ *made your part good,* ”*
In wealth to your throats—to your ancles in blood ;
With grief I must tell you—with us it is up—
And resembles the English fox-hunting—*who-ooop !*
For the whole of our gang, or surrounded or taken,
By tears and confession —are saving their bacon.

But a word ere I go to my den of *Repentance*,
Or *Cardinal* Maury blaspheme o'er the sentence :
Go—each to the Emp'ror of Russia, for life,
As you cannot depend—as I do—on a *wife* :
Besides for myself—on th' annuity *plan*,
'Tis mine to continue as long as I can ;
And by me, I confess, no complaint shall be made,
If only the money be *quarterly* paid.
But if some be too black for his saying—“ *forgiven !* ”
And Mercy should pause o'er th' *Outcasts of Heaven*,
You know my prescription for “ *comforts bereft,* ”
And each must have *daggers* and *laudanum* left.
What plunder you've made I advise you to keep,
It may comfort by day, when unable to sleep ;
Or at last, when the heart-strings of life part asunder,
You may have some kinsman—you don't wish to plunder.

And now “ the scene dropp'd, and the candles all out,”
To be sure we have been a most “ *revellous rout ;* ”

* Bona-parte.

What parts we have acted ! kings, heroes, and beaux !
 And how we have strutted "in other men's clothes."
 How finely the *wise men* of Courts have we fobb'd !
 How well have we churches and cabinets robb'd !
 How well have *our* eagles their talons unfurl'd,
 To prey on and pillage the spoils of the world !

But the scene is now chang'd and the pantomime o'er ;
 In truth 'twas a pantomime—dripping with gore !
 But depend on't we'll meet to discourse on the past—
 For remember our *watch-word*—the cavern at last !

MILTON—" *Fallen Angels.*"

THE MELO-DRAME.

What have we here—half solemn and half gay ?
 Not quite a Pantomime, nor quite a Play ?
 This something—nothing—full of noise and shew ;
 Anomalous display of mirth and woe ;
 Full of confusion, bustle, and surprises,
 Escapes, encounters, blunders, and disguises !
 Is this a Comedy ? Where lies the wit ?
 In vain I've watch'd to catch one lucky hit.
 What sportive satire flashes bright and keen ?
 What traits of various character are seen ?
 A Tragedy ? Say, where is pathos shewn ?
 Can the spectator make the grief his own ?
 Hang with mute earnestness on every line,
 And own the touch of Sympathy divine ;
 Feel virtuous Indignation fire his breast,
 And his cheek glow for Innocence distress ?
 Does he one moment steal from self away,
 And lend his whole existence to the Play ?

Such was the scene, when "o'er her barb'rous foes,"
By "Learning's triumph" first the Stage arose ;
Her empire o'er the polished world when gain'd,
The Tragic and the Comic Muse sustain'd.
Enchanting sisters ! as by Reynolds' art
Pourtray'd, so graven on each feeling heart !
Each, with attraction all her own, is fair,
And Garrick stands suspended 'twixt the pair ;
With doubting face he seems to pause between,
Yet wins them both, like Shakspeare and like Kean.

But who is she, with airy step and gait,
And dwarfish stature, clad in mimic state ?
She sings, she dances, and she speaks—but hark !
Ere you the meaning of her words can mark,
Trumpets and neighing steeds her accents drown—
And who is she, the fav'rite of the town ?
Inquire not of her pedigree or race ;
Some likeness to her Sisters you may trace ;
But such a kindred as she dares not claim—
Degenerate branch, and Melo-drame her name.

DRAMATICUS.

GOOD ADVICE.—A PUN.

An author once, in melancholy strain,
Thus to a witling ventured to complain :—
" A play I've written, which I'm sure has merit ;
" 'Tis full of incident, and penn'd with spirit,
" To Covent-Garden I the drama sent,
" But soon discover'd it was time mis-spent,
" To try, unless some interest smooth'd the way,
" To make the Manager produce my play :

" While I, alas! have neither cash nor friend,
 " But only on my merit must depend."
 " Fear not," the wag replied, with aspect sage,
 " *Present the piece again, and I'll engage*
 " No failure then you'll have to be lamented,
 " Since then 'tis certain 'twill be *re-presented*."

23d March, 1814.

Z.

ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

To the Good Citizens of Paris.

Brave lads of Paris never fear,
 Though Blucher's force be drawing near;
 I, Joseph Bonaparte, am here.

The Empress, I am glad to say,
 And little Rome, have run away,
 To "live to fight another day."

But I, King Joseph, still remain;
 I, who was lately sent to reign
 Over those rebel rogues in Spain.

Who play'd our foes so deep a game,
 When o'er the Pyrenees I came,
Inveigling them to do the same.

I trick'd the British to advance,
 And led Lord Wellington a dance
 Into the very heart of France.

Consider with what wond'rous ease
 Your Emperor has beaten these,
 And all his other enemies.

Consider all he hath achieved
 In Bulletins, by us received,
 And, under pain of death, believed.

Look on those foes before your gate;
Consider how he did of late
The whole of them annihilate,

Consider, too, the happy plot,
By which behind them he has got,
Whether, I'm told, he would or not.

Believe me, he will soon be here;
Already he is in their rear;
See how they hither run for fear!

He drove them here to meet their fate,
And (if they for his coming wait)
He'll drive them through the city-gate;

Or else, perhaps, upon the plain,
With scornful eye and proud disdain,
Annihilate them all again.

Meanwhile, 'tis requisite and right
For every citizen to fight,
A day or two with all his might.

JOSEPH.

ON SEEING A SKY-ROCKET LET OFF DURING
THE LATE ILLUMINATIONS.

See, yonder Rocket, mounting high,
Hang its brief splendors in the sky;—
Its momentary brilliance seems
To mimic Heaven's starry beams,
And for a passing instant draws
The giddy gaze—the mute applause;
But, ah! how soon its sudden light
Has vanish'd from our wond'ring sight,

While all its transient glories gone,
 It drops to earth, unseen, unknown !
 How apt an emblem of *his* fate,
 Who feels his impotence too late,
 Who, mounting far above his sphere,
 Spread his false splendors far and near—
 Shower'd crowns upon the vilest things,
 And wish'd to make *Knaves* pass for *Kings*—
 But short their reign—and short the blaze,
 That fix'd poor folly's idiot gaze :
 His *Kings* extinct—his *Empire* past—
 He falls a worthless wretch at last !
 So shall ambition wiser grow,
 To see him, once so high, so low !

THE FALL OF A GREAT MAN.

Cries Bonaparte—"If I'm lost,
 "Mark what my dying pangs will cost !
 What they will cost is now, too clear,
 Six million livres by the year. SMIRK.

CHELTENHAM.

We have lately received a profusion of letters from this place and its neighbourhood, of all kinds and classes, some simply absurd, some vulgar and virulent, of which the greater portion seem to have emanated, by starts, from the agonies of the facetious Mr. J. K. Griffiths ;

who, making the late discovery, like the idiot in the French farce, that he has been all his life talking prose-folly, is determined to prove that he can write prose just as foolishly as he ever spoke it. Another species comes glowing from the enthusiast pens, "and blushing authorship," of certain maiden mothers, whom we have formerly noticed, and whose teeming conceptions are as much betrayed by the protuberance of their style, as of their shape. We have no wish to put vanity to pain, nor to weary ourselves, by wandering through the thick absurdities of those productions. Possibly it would be too severe to reprehend gross allusions in "La Bacchante," or sins against grammar in the humble *diabolism* of a village printer; and with this feeling we shall leave the sins and sorrows of Mr. J. K. Griffiths and his *protégées*, his Charlottes and Roses, and *Mary Annes*, to the quiet forgetfulness which is waiting to "lap them." This we do in pity, the contemptuous and lofty pity, which a well-ordered mind feels for struggling and impotent rage; too much scorning the means to retort upon those miserable persons with their own weapons, and feeling not lightly how much of disgrace is connected with a contest, in which we must stoop to such rivalry. *Demit honorem æmulus Ajaci.*—With the females we have done; they will probably continue to indulge their softness of nature under the usual form, without much thought of sneer or satire. With Mr. J. K. Griffiths we have nearly done too; we owe him no hostility, we are rather inclined to speak gently of him, to admit that he has some right to praise; that considering his calamitous want of education, his utter impossibility of having an intercourse with any thing beyond the dregs and squalidness, the "*vilior alga*" of

a country village, and his deplorable feebleness of understanding, he is a very decent printer; useful in no trivial degree to the multitude who parade the burning pavement of that "Castle of Indolence," until Mr. Griffiths furnishes them with the morning lie, and altogether possessing no slight faculty for setting up a puff, and shedding magic round a mock auction. With our praise we present our advice; the misfortune of those who cannot write, is not unnaturally to be unable to judge of those who can. With every wish to encourage struggling industry, we will acknowledge, that we do not consider Mr. Griffiths as particularly lucky in the selection of those persons, who have undertaken to save him the inconvenience of thinking. We will also acknowledge, with whatever hazard of a sudden sinking of stipend to those poor people, that they have not been fortunate in their new attempts; and that we would even prefer the palpable bullism and blunt thickheadedness of their employer, to "all their virgin fancies." Metaphor strangling metaphor, frantic figure floundering through a chaos of stormy phraseology, nonsense extracted from every bird of the air and beast of the earth, baffled lies and blind assertions, compiled with whatever labour into shape, are really not worth the money with which they may be bought, nor the trouble that must be expended to get at their meaning. We do not allude, in this sketch, merely to the "Letter to the Editor of the Satirist," but to that whole stream of lutulent rage, feebleness and unintelligibility, of which Mr. J. Griffiths has been the common sewer. "Bless thy five wits, Tom's a cold." This unfortunate Editor may well make the prayer, with little danger of being discovered to be only the "counterfeit of a crazed brain."

We promised some specimens of the letters. The first came to us in a neat female hand, with a seal, engraved with the letter B.

SIR,

In inserting those impudent epiggrims on the young ladies at Cheltenham, and other doctors of divinity, besides Mr. King, who, as we all know, is a gentleman, and lives in every respect like a gentleman too, giving constant elegant parties to people of the first fashion, of whom this place is full in the summer, besides being extremely polite, elegantly dressed, and attentive in his manners to all the young ladies who wish to dance at his ball, which, with others, are held twice a week during the season, though now we have but one, Mr. King being absent, and nobody being in the town besides. However, I am straying from what I intended to say, which is, Sir, that I hope you intend to take no more notice of Cheltenham, as you hitherto done nothing but libel us. Only, indeed, if I could be assured of your secresy, and that you would burn my note the moment you received it, I could probably transmit some as pritty, pleasant, nice memorandums, as any one else in the High-street; and there are one or two persons that deserve exposure richly. Now let me hear from you by return of post, and be cautious, for you have already put us all in a flame; and Heaven knows I don't want people enough here to take advantage of my communications with you.

Your's, &c.

The next to this specimen of early elegance, is in a more ambitious style, and appears to have proceeded

from some inflated idler, who wished to punish us, by at least the payment of his postage. From certain similitudes, he strikes us as the regular scribbler of Mr. J. K. Griffith's epistles.

SIR,

Cloaking yourself under the veil of secrecy is, as you ought to know, neither real wisdom nor conscious courage. Why not declare yourself to the world? why not declare yourself openly, and leave your hardened breast to the ingenuous reprobation of all superior and pre-eminent minds? Why venture forth in the dark, Sir, gliding with "stealthy step" to the bowers of youth and beauty, like another Tarquin, only to betray and expose; and then, conceiving yourself invulnerable, triumph in your success? Unmask yourself, Sir; an honest man needs not seclusion to shoot the envenomed dart, like the Indian savage, or wield his ruthless tomahawk against the old and the feeble; against lovely women and invalids, who, after having done good service to their country, came here to soothe the declining hours of a life of storms, and glide into that peaceful haven, the grave, where, Sir, "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

This may be sport to you, Sir, nay profit too. You may affect to ridicule the hatred and condign abhorrence of the people and visitors of Cheltenham, while it enables you to swell the sale of your Magazine. But "created man, as you have been told more than once, is lessened in his essential dignity, if he prostitute his abilities." To mention one among the many injured, the printer of the Cheltenham paper, a very decent and industrious labourer in the field of literature, and a true

well-wisher to the town of Cheltenham, is, at this moment, dangerously ill, confined to his bed, as it is generally reported, by a brain fever, and attended by our two eminent and admirable physicians, Drs. Boisragon and Jackson. He is despaired of in consequence, and general fame charges you with his murder. Mr. Griffiths, to whom I allude, was making some attempt to struggle up in the world, at the time when your nefarious publication came across him. He determined to answer its attacks, and certainly, Sir, gave you, what Lord Hawke gave the French, an incomparable drubbing; but what zeal could contend against the repeated stabs of one who struck in the dark? The effort of mind was too much for him; his head appeared to be giving way, he evidently suffered under great mental torture, and from my last accidental view of his wild and haggard physiognomy, I feel no astonishment at the state in which he now lies. You may have done other mischief. It is not long since four or five of the most accomplished young women of the town declined dancing at the public balls, forswore society, and were scarcely to be known, in passing through the streets, from their neglected dress, thin physiognomies, and pale complexions. They have gradually withdrawn; and some of them have even, it is said, actually taken to their beds. And now, Sir, what have you to answer for yourself? I scorn to ask you more. Come forth and meet the honest reprobation you deserve, from

Your very humble Servant,

PHILO.

The language of those letters is so ludicrous, that nothing but the peculiarity of the circumstances, under

which they have reached us, would prevent our believing them forgeries. We will not now detail those circumstances, nor state the name, which, to our surprise, we found carelessly on one of the seals, doubtless under the hurry and triumph of bequeathing to the post, a mortal attack upon the Editor of the *Satirist*. We will, however, not divulge it, without further reasons; gently hinting, that if any master of the ceremonies, or honest physician, with a handsome wife for the use of his friends, molests us in future, our resentment may be more "distinct with justice."

The letter which follows we insert as we have received it. The writer of it only does us justice in assuming, that there is nothing farther from our views than to give pain to private feeling. In his graceful complainings, he was not perhaps aware, that we inserted the paper, to which he alludes, merely on the ground of impartiality; and that we felt as much as he could do, the folly and meanness which characterised the entire production. Had it come more highly recommended by the talents of its author, or authors, we should certainly have declined its insertion; but while it appeared to us totally harmless from its absurdity, we conceived that no better lesson than its simple printing could be given to passion, which would then have time to contemplate its own work coolly and be ashamed, and "sin no more."

To the Editor of the Satirist.

SIR,

Sometime since one of your summer Numbers came into my hands. Among some articles which interested and some which amused me, I found that one, of which so much has been talked in Cheltenham. I of course

speak of the epigram article, which, I confess, with all proper respect for the opinion which you have expressed on the subject, I think might better have been spared. But if that article was caustic and improper, what name is to be given to its answer, under the shape of "Portraits." From my peculiar habits of life, while almost an invalid, and studiously shunning the general society of Cheltenham, I was unable to fix on the individuals designated in this sketch, a task which would probably have been difficult even to higher penetration, under the heavy load of vulgarity, bad writing and confused thought that buried the picture. Further enquiries led me more into the mystery, and I was at length, probably by the author, told, that the whole was levelled against a family, who had resided, during the season, in Portland-street. I was then at no loss to discover by what means I had strayed in my conjectures, for nothing could be less like the picture than those who were presumed to have sat for it. I happened to be on terms of intimacy with that family, an intimacy not lightly permitted, and which was sought, and deserved to be felt, as a gratification and an honour. So far as my observation could go, I would assert, that not one of the number had ever written a line in a periodical work. Their habits were all adverse to the idea. I found them totally engrossed by objects of a different nature. The females continually employed in those accomplishments, which give elegance to the female mind; the males, as men should be, active with manly purposes and pursuits, and apparently too deeply engaged to have time or thought for the flutterers that wandered before them. I speak thus far, with a certain reluctance, from the fear of offending minds, which appearing to have no desire for public display,

will naturally be hurt by even this slight disclosure of retired and unobtrusive excellence. I should regret, in gratitude to the delightful and instructive hours with which I have been indulged in their domestic circle, that those wretched attempts at portraiture, or that even my praise, should reach them. Superior to such pain, or to such excitements, they might easily forget both; their delicacy would receive its chief pain from publicity. I enclose a sketch of this family, written by a person of distinction, who enjoyed, like me, the occasional privilege of their society. These portraits are evidently unfinished, but as far as they go, the resemblance is complete.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

With much respect,

Your obedient Servant,

W. W.

THE FAMILY OF THE C.'s,

Portland-street.

Woe be to him, the sullen soul,
That scorning passion's high controul,
Ne'er felt the speechless energy
That springs from beauty's starry eye.
Ne'er felt his inmost pulses move
In homage to her lip of love.
Woe be to him, that heartless thing!
On his hot brow no hope shall fling
The dews of peace, no angel smile
The anguish of the soul beguile.
His joys the lightnings fitful gleam,
His life, a tedious tossing dream.

No mutual heart his step to cheer,
He struggles on his stern career;
Sees the dark hour of life draw on,
And shrinks to meet its storm alone;
Till all the spirit rent, and torn
With secret pang of shame and scorn.
Undone, in heart and soul undone,
He sinks unwept, unlov'd, unknown.

♥ Susan! thy day of youth was calm,
And bowers of bliss and airs of balm,
Tinged thy young lip; yet Susan! now,
Tho' many a grief has dimm'd its glow,
And tho' in vain the eye might seek
Its earlier rose upon that cheek;
Rich as its blush once brighten'd there,
Beneath the curls of auburn hair;
Alike in youth and ages chill,
Oh! woman lov'd and lovely still!
Pale the bright glance, yet in that eye
Beams mild and matron dignity;
Pale the red lip, yet never love
Bade gentler accents o'er it move;
In vain would time or thought controul,
The lustre of the native soul;
Its shade, by human softness given,
Its radiance lit by love and heaven.

Thus the proud Alp, unchanged by time,
In age, in tempest, still sublime;
While on the things of human pride,
Roll chance and change in ceaseless tide;

Still nobler from the work of years,
 Full to the Sun its summit rears,
 And brightening in the brightest glow,
 Sheds it all soft on worlds below.

But proud and noble as the forms that rise,
 Where the high summit meets the morning beam;
 And glorious as the empyreal dyer,
 That round the mount in gold and purple gleam:
 Who shall the feebler eye too lightly deem,
 If, dazzled from that pomp of purity,
 It turns to gaze, where by the sheltered stream,
 2. Lovely and pure and mild as summer's evening sigh,
 1. The sister lilies in twin beauty vie.

What is the world? a dreary idle thing;
 A spot for monarchs and their tools to play;
 Where joy and youth are ever on the wing,
 Vale of dark thoughts, and sorrow, and decay!
 Take from its wilderness one flower away,
 Quench but the one bright beam that gilds the
 gloom,
 Let others linger on! I scorn to stray
 Where happiness and hope can never come,
 Nay, better than such world, the silent secret tomb!

Yes, I will tell of you, ye sisters fair!
 Tho' female all, ye shrink from human praise,
 And turn instinctive from the sudden glare,
 That to the world your loveliness betrays.
 Yet shrink not so; still shall the diamond's blaze
 Waste its high splendors on the silent mine!
 Shall the sweet star, before whose silver rays

All other lamps might sink in pale decline,
Still love in midnight clouds and loneliness to shine.

Glorious the victor's trophied brow,
When the trumpets ring high and the banners flow;
And loosened steed and unhelmed knight,
Are resting on the field of fight.
More glorious his, whose spirit given
To nought below his kindred heaven;
His proudest triumph, self-controul,
Longs for no kingdom but the soul.
Struggling, the upward pathway trod,
In mortal anguish by his God;
Holy, self-elevate, sublime,
Gives his last tear to human crime;
Soothes the dark injurer's despair,
And answers scorning by a prayer.
The brother thus, * * * * *

B.

I have suppressed this part of the panegyric from a feeling, in which, I am confident, the noble writer would join me; the wish not to offend a man, who, from the slight opportunity I had of inspecting him, would probably be peculiarly disobliged by any public expression of good opinion.

W. W.

Just as our sheets had come from the press, we received a letter, which, if it had arrived at an earlier period, would in all likelihood have saved our readers the trouble of perusing this article. It announces the

melancholy end of Mr. Griffiths. Whatever his irritation against us may have been, we cannot give ourselves the pain of believing, that any share of his final sufferings is imputable to us. He volunteered the offence, forced us by repeated follies to take notice of him, and necessarily drew upon his own head some portion of that chastisement, which is the fate of ignorant presumption in high life, or in low. Yet we wish he had not thus died. "Requiescat in pace." We give the letter just as it was indited, without retrenching even its foolish abuse of us and our publication.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST,

Near St. Clement's Church, London. April 20.

Well, Sir, you may now have some reason to pride yourself. That unfortunate man, whom you have never ceased to molest (we never heard of his name till within these few months), has at length fallen a victim to your atrocity. Sir, you have much to answer for, and you shall probably be made to answer it before long. The papers which the late Mr. Griffiths, the respectable printer of the Cheltenham Gazette, left behind him, written in his last hour, actually charge you with his death. They detail a series of agonies, arising from the incessant assaults of your detestable Magazine, that would have worn out the patience of a martyr. They preyed visibly on Mr. Griffiths's constitution; his friends had remarked a serious and daily change in his appearance for some time; he neglected his family concerns, and spent the day wandering through the most lonely walks in the vicinity, repeating extracts from the Satirist, and vowing vengeance. But, on the perusal of your

Number of this month (we do not recollect taking any notice of him in it), he assumed all the symptoms of confirmed mania, raved in the open libraries, and was, with great difficulty, taken home to bed. Medical assistance was immediately called in, and the most powerful remedies applied; he was bled profusely, his head shaved, ice applied to the top of his skull, and a course of vomiting and purging, of great violence, entered upon for some hours. He still continued to rave, without intermission, of "locusts in masks." Female purity, virgin abortions, &c. &c. One favoured sentence, I remember. "Did I possess children capable of understanding the quality of the Satirist, I would rather behold them in the sleep of Death, than give them a chance of its perusal." This, which he repeated with great triumph, I give you merely as a standard, to shew the deplorable state to which you had reduced the plain understanding of this poor man. During the evening, he repeatedly pulled out of his pockets heads of letters to you; but all, from the unhinging of his intellect, totally unintelligible. Towards midnight, the strait-waistcoat was necessarily put on; he was reduced to some quietness, and the additional attendants withdrew. This ended in the unfortunate event, which has thrown the whole town into alarm. He contrived with the usual cunning of insanity to evade the vigilance of the nurse, got up, tied his blue silk handkerchief to the beam across the ceiling, and threw himself off. How long he might have lingered it is now impossible to tell, but that he must have struggled much is too apparent. One arm of his coat was quite devoured, and his breeches were torn in a thousand pieces. As soon as the horrid event became known, a Coroner's Inquest was summoned,

and as it was expected that a verdict of "Felo de se" would be brought in, the Wells were deserted, and all the promenaders gathered to Cambray, to see the ceremony of driving the stake through his body. The Inquest, however, finding that he was mad when he died, and for sometime before, brought in their verdict accordingly, and as his circumstances allowed of the contributions of the charitable, a subscription of sixpence a piece at the libraries was patronised by Mr. King, and this victim of slander was at last decently buried. Now, Sir, reflect on what you have done, and dread its punishment here and hereafter.

I am, Sir, not your well wisher,

X. Y.

RETURN OF OLD TIMES

AND

THE RESURRECTION OF SHAKESPEARE.

In a vision I saw the world on a sudden checked in its course, and a moment after "the great globe" began to retrograde. The order of nature was at once reversed. Instead of growing older, the inhabitants of the earth became younger, as its revolutions were multiplied. Feeble old men, were carried back to the vigour of life;—they returned to youth; and still going backward I saw them resume the frocks of childhood—they again appeared in the swaddling clothes of infancy and vanished

from my view. Their parents rose from the slumber of death, took the same course, and were in like manner succeeded by their ancestors; who in turn were obliged to make way for their progenitors. The whole animal system was inverted; Time compelled to retrace his steps, was every where raising from dust, what his scythe when he last passed, had laid low. Ancient edifices became modern, and were finally unbuilt, and succeeded by those, which had previously occupied their scite; and these were followed by their predecessors. All institutions, manners, and customs, shared the same fate. The nineteenth century retired to make way for the eighteenth, which, in due time was succeeded by the seventeenth and sixteenth; and all the events of these centuries returned with them.

I was much amused while detecting the blunders which historians have made in recording the events which occurred in the reigns of those English monarchs, who, in this backward march, were the successors of George the Third. The multitudes of books celebrated in their day, which burst on my eyes, the names of which even had not reached the nineteenth century filled me with astonishment, and I could not help laughing at the crowds of Mr. Southey's and Walter Scott's, whose names on their decease had been buried with their bodies; but who living, while they sipped the sweets of cotemporary praise, imagined with the utmost self complacency their fame could be no other than immortal. They had "their heaven in this world."—I was not less struck with the appearance of the greater portion of those whose works in the nineteenth century were called beautiful, excellent, sublime, &c. &c. Such a set of miserable wretches I never beheld. They were snubbed and laughed at by every body. They were ready to run any where for a mouthful of bread and cheese, and a little

house room. Dinners and decent habiliments, were things to which they had not the presumption to aspire.

As I passed through the reign of William the Third, of "glorious," or as some have it, of "happy memory," I expected to behold but one vast scene of joy. Instead of this, I was stunned with complaints against him and his system. The insolence of the Dutchman, and the stupidity of those who framed a constitution which gave him so much power, were the favourite subjects of conversation; and though I tried to ascertain the fact, I could not decide which had the greater share of scorn, William, or the Bill of Rights. The punsters who were to the full as witty as those of the nineteenth century, called each the *Bill of Wrong*, or, the *Wrong Bill*.

The greater portion of that period, during which the second James swayed the British sceptre, seemed to be passed in rejoicings for the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth. He was stigmatized in the public prints as a desperate miscreant whose object was to deluge the country with blood. Above twenty grand dinners were given to the "gallant Kirk," as he was called, in honour of the valour he had displayed while fighting against the rebels; and I saw nearly a cart load of gold snuff boxes, proceeding in different directions to the residence of Judge Jefferies, accompanied by expressions of gratitude from the corporate bodies who had sent them, for the zeal, intrepidity, and vigour, which he had displayed in promptly punishing the traitors who had presumed to take up arms against "the best of sovereigns."

The merry reign of Charles the Second furnished the most melancholy spectacle of all. The good natured monarch, as he is called, I found but a laughing tyrant. His far-famed generosity was so far coupled with folly,

that he only relaxed from cruelty to lavish favours on a gang of profligate scoundrels, who deserved to be brought to condign punishment; while unrelenting persecution followed merit by his command. Viewing these things, I felt as proud of my *own century* (in which nothing of the kind had occurred), as an Englishman in a foreign land, usually is of his country. The dreadful wars which filled up this joyous period rent my heart with anguish, when I saw the shores of my native land insulted with impunity, and the broom of Van Trompe threatening to sweep the British navy from the ocean. To complete the horror of the spectacle, fire and pestilence attended to consume what the sword seemed disposed to spare.

The days of the Protector were turbulent and bloody, but not without glory. The shouts of the populace, while taking the horses from the carriages of his principal officers, that themselves might draw them through the great streets of the metropolis, almost stunned me. I had just before (in the early part of the reign of Charles) been annoyed in the same manner with the boisterous joy of multitudes, principally made up of these same individuals, at the execution of those identical persons for whom they now awkwardly performed the office of nobler cattle.

The decollation of Charles the First detracted somewhat from the dignity of his figure. He certainly appeared taller when he had got his head on again; but in other respects I could not perceive that it was of any advantage to him. Proud, weak, and virulent, where he thought he was strong, I was one moment surprised that he had not lost it before, and the next astonished that it was ever thought worth cutting off at all.

When I saw the meanness, and the vanity, and the in-

solence of James, I was inclined to think Guy Fawkes had narrowly escaped the fame of a hero.

As "the golden days of good Queen Bess" opened upon me, I prepared, with awful reverence, to admire the splendid virtues of her Majesty. I was miserably disappointed. Her character was nothing like what I expected to find it. In this mild virtuous *virgin queen*, I could only discover a proud, cruel, boisterous wanton. The glorious events which gave eclat to her day, originated not with the virago herself, but with the favourites who severally had the direction of public affairs. I should have been ready to give her credit for virtue even in her amours, had her choice been regulated by the mental faculties of those she exalted. This, however, was not the case. She selected her favourites for their personal accomplishments. It was merely a chance that they proved men of talent. I fancied that I had here an answer to a question which I had often put to myself, viz. "Why have female reigns generally been the most glorious?" Thus it appeared to be explained: the sovereign power is almost always delegated by the wearer of the crown, to some one. A female sovereign chooses a man for her favourite. A king selects a woman for his. It follows, that when a woman sits on the throne, a masculine understanding wields the energies of the state, which are subjected to feminine weakness and caprice, where the supreme power is held by a man.

By this time I grew tired of politics, and began to look out for "metal more attractive." My search was short, for I soon found Shakespeare. I watched the vicissitudes of his life, as he retrograded with peculiar interest. I saw him recede from opulence to ease, and from ease to poverty. Some of his plays were so different from what

I have read in books called his works, that could he have seen them as represented in the nineteenth century, he would never have suspected that he had been concerned in writing them. His person and his figure were in every respect at variance with the pictures and busts imposed upon his posterity.

Notwithstanding the mighty changes and revolutions which I had witnessed, and which seemed to affect all nature, I fancied the Drury-lane and Covent-garden Theatres, with their establishments, remained exactly the same as they were in the year 1814. Shakespeare clad in the livery of the Muses—Rags I perceived marching, not to the Fortune or to the Globe, but towards Covent-garden, with his tragedy of Julius Cæsar in his hand. Just as he reached the door he received a kick from a horse, which obliged him to start back that a troop of equestrian performers might pass. He was going in after them, when a blow from the trunk of an elephant made him again turn about. He advanced a third time, when a pack of hounds and a stag impeded his way, and trying to go on when these were out of sight, he was met by the *Alpaca* from Peru. He now rubbed his eyes, while he blushed for the mistake which he thought he had made, and exclaimed—"Zounds, I am taking "Julius Cæsar" to Exeter 'Change."

After this he directed his steps to Drury-lane Theatre.

A learned dog *set on* by the manager, fired a pistol at him as he approached the door. He nevertheless knocked and obtained admission.

Mr. Arnold received him and civilly enquired his business. Informed by Mr. Shakespeare that he had a tragedy to offer, written by the author of Hamlet; the manager *yawned*, but by the timely assistance of a pinch of

snuff, made shift to keep his eyes open, as well as his mouth. The conversation which ensued, as it was rather singular, I propose to detail at length, and in order to give it theatrical effect, I shall set it down in the manner in which stage dialogues are usually penned, marking the incidents which occurred in the way in which directions to the actors are usually given in a play.

(To be Continued.)

FINE ARTS.

MR. EDITOR,

At this time of annual exhibition, permit me, through the medium of your valuable publication, to announce to the public an infant exhibition of the fine arts; from which, I am persuaded, we may hope to obtain as much important instruction and national advantage, as have, for many years, been derived from the walls of Somerset-House.

The infantile simplicity that so peculiarly characterises the writers of the present day, both in prose and in verse, gave the first idea of painting down (to use the flattering expression of the celebrated Mons. Dubost), to that lisping softness, which induces us to believe that many of our modern authors, instead of good old English roast beef, feed on pap, in order to suit the habit of their body to the puerility of their imagination. But let it not be supposed that our exhibition will be deficient in interest, although that interest be derived from a source hitherto insufficiently appreciated. The nursery has been too much neglected; and the legends there, transmitted from age to age, or rather, if you will for-

give the pun, from age to youth, furnish abundant subjects for the fine arts.

That you may not suspect, Mr. Editor, that this assertion is unsupported by fact, I will attempt to describe a few of the productions to which I have just alluded.

One of the most prominent pictures in the rooms, is taken from that celebrated and affecting poem, known by the name of Old Mother Hubbard. The lines which furnish the subject for this admirable performance, are as follow :—

“ Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To give the poor dog a bone;
When she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.”

From this picture we learn how admirable a quality is humanity, even when exercised towards the brute creation :—

“ But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare.”

In the countenance of the old woman is marked the strongest expression of disappointment, that this day the poor dog must go without his meal; and although a learned commentator has very ill-naturedly attempted to account for the old woman's forgetfulness, by an allusion to a certain habit to which old women are undeniably prone, yet the artist in this picture, with a due attention to the dignity of his subject, has abstained from any such unfavourable representation. The supplicating attitude of the dog is truly moving—I may say it is pathetic—I had almost said it is sublime. We recommend, to this

juvenile genius, a series of pictures from this poem. The further display of the old woman's compassion, in her fruitless visit to the butcher's; her return, and finding the animal asleep (for dogs will sleep when they can get nothing to eat); her subsequent application to the baker; and the last tragical scene of this interesting drama, as it is narrated in the following quatrain:—

“ She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread;
When she came back,
The dog was dead!”

How touching!

I pass on to a picture of *Little Red-Riding-hood*. It was debated in the infantile council, whether this picture was admissible; the subject having been handled more than once by the members of the Royal Academy; but as it possessed sufficient originality to prove that it could not have been copied from any thing in that House, it was at length received.

One of the most interesting whole-length portraits in the rooms, is that of John Horner, Esq. alias *Little Jack Horner*. This young gentleman is represented at that most critical and interesting moment of his life, when, according to ancient and undoubted tradition, he insinuated his finger and thumb into a mince-pie; for the purpose of abstracting from that religious and venerable composition, one of its most valuable ingredients:—

“ He put in his thumb,
And he pull'd out a plumb,
Crying what a good boy am I!”

A great deal has been said by some authors, of the impossibility of depicting a mixed passion. The present

picture will set this question for ever at rest. It exhibits a happy union of the pain, which the more than ordinary heat of the mince-pie occasions; with the exulting pleasure that proceeds from the conscious possession of a valuable prize.

The President of our little Academy has undertaken to paint the History of the illustrious Tom Thumb; and the specimen which he has already produced, affords the promise of a work, which will do the highest credit to the present age, and to the British nation. It represents the memorable combat of Tommy, with his formidable enemy the mouse. I know not which to admire most—the disposition of the figures, or the expression of the characters.

Among the architectural drawings, is an admirable plan and elevation of the house that Jack built.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Your obedient Servant,

Little Britain.

MINIMUS.

PHILLIP—ICKS;

OR, THE

CORSICAN'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

(Continued from page 349.)

No. 4.

MR. EDITOR,

I never return to the scoundrelly publication, which I have taken upon myself to *show up*, but I lament that I cannot insert the whole work, to enable the public

duly to appreciate its merits, that it might at once be seen its conductor, distinguished as he is by depravity, is not less eminent for stupidity. Your limits unfortunately will not allow me to do this, and I must therefore content myself with selecting a few specimens as I happen to open upon them.

The first article of any importance in the last number is called Mr. Cumberland's plan for improving penitentiaries. I must congratulate this gentleman on his great *ingenuity*, for he has contrived to squeeze more nonsense into four pages, than I ever saw comprised within the same space before. His notable plan may be described in few words, for all he had to say could have been given in twenty lines. The greater part of his letter has no more to do with that which is professedly his subject, than the pompous nameaning harrangues of Sir J. Macintosh, with the questions, on the discussion of which he takes an opportunity to recite them. Mr. Cumberland merely proposes to establish a sort of *Punk-fair*. He wishes the prostitutes who have reformed and are willing to marry, to be exhibited in the front seat of a chapel, displayed to the best advantage, like cattle at a market, so that all who are attracted thither by curiosity, or any other motive, may judge of their age and condition, and bid for them if they think proper. The ladies he proposes shall each have a fortune of 15l. in household furniture, &c. This he concludes will procure them many admirers, all honest industrious young gentlemen, who will pick up at this fair or market, "*chaste and obedient*" wives. Indeed he is sure such will be the result, as an oyster-woman of *his acquaintance* has told him (some evening perhaps when he took a lady to her house to eat oysters) that it happened so in her case, and that she had saved many young

women by recounting to them her history. I dare say this lady's history would serve the cause of morality almost as much as the life of Fanny H—. What a pity it is we have not memoirs of a "Penitent Oyster Woman" as well as of a lady of pleasure! There is something very cheering in the example of such a *matron*, being set before the unfortunate prostitute. What can animate one of these females to laudable exertions more, than the consideration that she may in time from being a *nun*, rise to be an *abbess*, and keep an *oyster-shop* of her own. The hint Mr. Cumberland gives, that the *youngest* and *best favoured* street-walkers ought to be selected to fill the Penitentiary he would wish to establish, gives us some reason to hope he will volunteer his services as *secretary* to the institution. If this were not his design, he would hardly be so indifferent about the salvation of the ugly. Should his offer be accepted, I hope he will endeavour to get his reformed oyster woman engaged, to read her history to them, as they come in.

In passing over the sapient production of a *judge of colours* I do some violence to my feelings, but must dismiss this as well as "the population of Lincolnshire," in order to give one article entire. In page 208 I find the following intelligent essay:

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR—The following paragraph is literally copied from a provincial paper of this month. It deserves to be known beyond the limits of the circulation of the paper; and if you think it and the few remarks annexed, will not disgrace a corner of your valuable repository, they are at your service.

"A singular circumstance took place about a week ago in the neighbourhood of Peurith. A farmer, who had always expressed

a great aversion to baptizing or christening, had a child which died; and in consequence of his predilection that none of his children should ever undergo the ceremony, the parishioners refused it burial, and application was made at ———, where a grave was prepared; but, previous to the time of interment, the circumstance came to the knowledge of the *worthy vicar*, who ordered the grave to be filled up again. When the child was brought to the town, they were much disappointed at what had taken place; and after waiting a length of time to no purpose, were necessitated to return home, and seek out for some other place of burial."

The *worthy, worthy, worthy vicar*! A poor *innocent child* is refused the *rites* and *right* of sepulture, notwithstanding a grave had been prepared for it, must rot on the surface of the earth, be worried by dogs, or devoured by the crows! Is this *christianity*? is this the *established religion* of a *civilized people*? From what I have read of the humanity of the *Hottentots*, I think such a circumstance could never have taken place amongst them. Tell it not in Westmorland, nor publish it in the streets of Kendal, lest the *Philistines*, the *Infidels*, the *Heathen*, the *Turk*, hear it and rejoice.

Lancaster, Dec. 1813. D. B. P. ECCLESTON.

From the insertion of this thing, it will be seen that Sir Richard thought it would not "disgrace" his *valuable repository*; and in this I do not differ from him. But I wish the public to take notice what execrable trash may appear in it, without disgracing the Monthly Magazine.

The *sensible, sensible, sensible writer*! "A poor *innocent child*" (how does the child's *innocence* appear), is refused the *rites* and *right* of sepulture. Mr. Eccleston was so deeply affected on this occasion, that he could not help punning on the subject. *Rites* and *right* of sepulture, marked in italics. What a pretty epigram might be made of this coincidence of sounds in the form of an

epitaph, on the "*poor innocent child.*" In consequence of this denial, this *innocent* was to "rot on the surface of the earth, be *worried* by dogs."—(How pathetic!)—Pull out your handkerchief, Mr. Sat. for you cannot refrain from tears, at hearing the *sad dogs* of our day are capable of worrying a *dead child*! The "*poor innocent*" must be "*exposed to be worried, or to be devoured by crows.*" What a pity it is crows cannot be brought to feed wholly on vegetables, like Sir Richard!—From what Mr. Eccleston has read of the humanity of Hottentots, he thinks such a circumstance could never have occurred among them. I am inclined to think myself, it is not common for a *dead child* to be *worried* by dogs among the Hottentots; but pray, Mr. Eccleston, do you mean to say the body of a child would not be exposed (as you are block-head enough to pretend this must be) by the Hottentots? Do you understand this from what *you have read of the Hottentots*, Mr. Eccleston? Now it happens, *worthy, worthy, worthy* Mr. Eccleston, that those who know any thing of Hottentot history, know that it is common, when a woman has two children, if one be a female, to place it, even alive, in the den of a wild beast, or to abandon it in the midst of a forest. Acting thus by a living child, they would hardly be more tender of a dead one. If you had read the history of a single *kraal*, you would have known this. It was, therefore, an unlucky flight of your ignorance, that furnished us with this touch at your Hottentot reading; and Sir Richard (or the journeyman scoundrel), in giving insertion to your ridiculous letter, proved that he was as great a fool as yourself, Mr. Eccleston; and a greater I have not the pleasure of knowing.

A lying account of "the origin of the title of king of

France, assumed by the kings of England," with which Sir Richard has been hoaxed; and an article, in which the public are gravely informed, that "the body lately found at Windsor," was that of king Charles; though it is not even hinted to whom the head, seen in company with it, might belong, are among the rubbish that follow. We have then a liberal gentleman expressing his fears, lest poor innocents should, at some future period, be punished for "cursing Christ;" and this is followed by a puff on Sir Richard's Medical Journal, which, it seems, is likely to be *physiced* by the apothecaries, and others, who know something of its merits. Here it is feelingly observed—"It would be to be regretted (by Sir Richard), that any gentleman, who wished to communicate a fact to the public, should omit to do it through the ONE Journal, (what a *singular* name!) a work which must be read and sought for by *preference* (as there is but "the ONE"), among all foreigners and distant practitioners (an involuntary compliment to the *British* faculty); and which ought, either exclusively or conjointly, to be made the medium of all writers, who desire that their light should be seen in the world, in a work of UNIVERSAL and ESTABLISHED circulation."—Well done, Sir Philip—Richard I mean. From your example, I am satisfied of the truth of the words of the poet:—

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

I must deny myself the pleasure of noticing the mass of rubbish which succeeds the last-mentioned article; and which seems designed to show what a sink of wretchedness a Magazine may be made. I must even forbear to transcribe the list of books (sold by Sir

Richard), which it is proposed should be placed in every servant's hall. Indeed, for the present, I think I have given you enough of the fool; and must, therefore, conclude with a touch or two of the villain. In various parts of this number, the injustice of warring for our preservation against the hero of Elba, is laboriously set forth; and a truly *British* sneer is given at the unfortunate attack on Bergen-op-Zoom. This, however, not being sufficient to keep up the infamy of the work, we are treated with the following stupid jingle; from which it will be seen that Bonaparte, and his slaves, calculated rather too much on the friendly disposition of the Emperor of Austria. In a thing, called "An Appeal against War," we have the following lines:—

At length, to change th' infuriate Monster's hands,
And bind contending realms in Friendship's bands,
PEACE, dove-ey'd Saint, to AUSTRIA'S RULER hies,
And thus proclaims her mission from the Skies.
"O shame to Sov'reigns! O eternal shame
To those who boast the sacred Christian name!
For twenty years shall Europe's life-blood flow?
For twenty years whole nations shriek with woe?
For twenty years shall Christians, vaunting, cry,
BEHOLD! REJOICE! SEE TENS OF THOUSANDS DIE?
E'en Pagans mourn'd when bloody fields were won:
Nay, yet, at Trasimene and Marathon,
The peasants shudder at the tale they tell
Of those who nobly fought, and bravely fell.
But Christian Princes raise th' exulting strain
O'er thousands mangled, and o'er myriads slain!
Monarch, forbear! Let savage discord cease,
O sheathe the sword, and hail returning Peace!
Give to the long-desir'd Millennium birth,
And make, once more, a Paradise on Earth!"

The gentle youth who wrote this, when the dove-eyed saint went to the Emperor of Austria, made sure of securing the allies pigeoned, and Bonaparte spared. Her speech was certainly *fine*—

“O shame to sovereigns! O eternal shame!”—

that they should make war on a tyrant, who had wantonly over-run their dominions; but even this failed to interpose between Justice and Napoleon. This accomplished poet must change his note about the Emperor of Austria, if he hopes to meet with any favour from the Court of Elba. Bonaparte will hardly be fool enough to pay for an article written in favour of his father-in-law, who has done so much to dispossess him of his power. These “O shames,” must be carried to another market. By sealing the doom of the Corsican, the Emperor Francis has made “a paradise on earth,” which the *Serpent* will not be permitted to revel in; though he and Sir Richard exclaim till their tongues ache.

“O shame to sovereigns! O eternal shame!”

The introductory observations on the state of public affairs, I must transcribe entire:—

We are no less grieved at being unable to announce the expected restoration of PEACE in our present Number, than at having to fill our pages with BLOODY DETAILS, disgraceful to human reason, and contrary to the dictates both of policy and religion. During the past month the negotiations have not been interrupted at *Châtillon sur-Seine*, where Lord Castlereagh, the Duc de Vicenza, and the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian Plenipotentiaries have continued their discussions; though, in the same period, thousands of victims have been daily sacrificed to the fiend of War, and the arts of destruction and desolation have been increased and aggravated

beyond all example! To negotiate in the spirit of concord, and to carry on war in the spirit of extermination, indicates a refinement in the code of public morals, at which cool lookers-on and old-fashioned reasoners feel justly astonished!

Your readers, Mr. Sat, will be amused to see how much it hurt the feelings of Buonaparte, and Sir Richard, to find the Allies preferred negotiating with arms in their hands, to resigning the advantages they had gained, that the enemy might profit once more by their false generosity. Such conduct might well astonish "*old fashioned reasoners*" who expected the present coalition, was to act like those over which the Corsican formerly triumphed. The French, or rather the Buonapartean account of the events of the campaign, is well given as the history of public affairs. The *ridicule* thrown on the efforts of the Allies to reach Paris, comes in at a very good time.

In noticing the speech of a man of the name of Tollett at a Staffordshire public dinner, in celebration of Mr. Fox, we are told—"it should never be forgotten that had he lived another month, peace would have been made with France, and the horrors of eight years continuance of war have been spared to *disgraced and afflicted* humanity."—It certainly ought never to be *forgotten*, because it is impossible to be *known*. Sir Richard and Buonaparte will, however, never forget that there was a chance had Fox lived, that peace would have been made with the man who has *afflicted and disgraced humanity*, and who by eight years glorious war is at last laid low. This consideration would almost induce me to acknowledge that Mr. Fox died for the good of his country.

One more specimen and I have done.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTHSHIRE.

A subscription has been opened at Bristol to relieve the dis-

tresses brought on the wretched inhabitants of Moscow, *by the desperate alternative of burning that great city rather than respect the treaty of Tilsit.* The name of Mr. Weare appears for 100l. of Mr. Fripp for 50l. and of Messrs. Grenfield, Skinner, and Baring, for 20l. each. We honour the generous feelings which seek to relieve *innocent distress*, without regard to country or cause, and we hope this truly benevolent measure will not be confined to Bristol.

The language in which the conflagration of Moscow is here mentioned, must shock every man who is not in the pay of Buonaparte. “We honour the feelings which seek to relieve *innocent distress*” (in italics) “without regard to country or cause.”—Infamous wretch! ’tis false.—Had it been proposed to subscribe for those at war with England, you would not have insidiously opposed it, by noticing it thus. Could any thing be disgraceful to a fellow of your character, you would have blushed to support a proposition for relieving the people of Moscow, without *regard to the cause* in which that city was consumed, which you well knew to be their glory. They are revenged on you, in the downfall of your master. Lord Castlereagh is said to have obtained a list of those who were in the pay of France—but don’t hang yourself in your fright. I should be sorry to hear you died by your *own hand*. Perhaps after all it was only said to alarm you. Your neck may be safe—but if he should have got hold of such a list—

I am,

THE BEADLE.

THE MOON.



(To be continued Monthly.)

The Inconvenience of taking a Wife.

John Jump, who had ne'er wedlock's happiness tried,
Had children begotten, or else was belied ;
And long had at each quarter-sessions attended,
To atone for the laws against which he'd offended ;
And still a new young one each sessions they had,
Of which he again must appear as the dad ;
Yet this did not alter his conduct, for truly
There still in the world will be members unruly.
At one of the sessions, the justice's wife
Enquir'd if he yet had amended his life ;
And told him she hop'd he was not at the sessions
To add a new score to his former transgressions ;
But learning he was so, she could not forbear
To counsel him thus, with a motherly care :
" These ills that befall you are all your own making,
" And still you'll have troubles the way that you're taking.
" To avoid this hot water unblest sort of life,
" Why don't you, instead of the girls, take a wife ?"
" I sometimes have done so," John simply replied,
" And that way should certainly oftener have tried ;
" But the husbands, o'd rot 'em ! kiek up such a bother,
" I find it more troublesome, ma'am, than the other !"

TAM GLEN.

AFFECTIONATE EPISTLE FROM AN EX-EMPRESS TO
AN EX-EMPEROR.

Dear Boney, as I am not humbled alone,
Since you're trundled, as well as myself, from a throne;
Since you, after boasting of glory and fame,
Are obliged, like myself, to add *ex* to your name;
Since the Duchess for whom such affection you felt,
That you treated her once with a jaunt to the *Scheldt*;
(While she wish'd the man who her charms in their
bloom—got,
Might have the good luck to get duck'd in the *Roompot*)
Since she, I say, leaves you, and you are unhappy,
I think I must come to console you, my Nappy;
Then you, if to love still your heart should incline,
May felicity taste with your fond Josephine;
And leave to be guessed by all ages and sexes,
What rapture must flow from a union of *exes*.

JOSEPHINE.

ON THE ENTRANCE OF LORD WELLINGTON INTO
TOLOUSE.

The Opposition always said
Thy laurels, Wellington, would fade;
'Tis true, thy glories all are past,
And *To-lo(u)se*, vanquish'd must submit at last.

To a Frenchman boasting of having had the decorations of the Legion of Honour bestowed on him by Buonaparte.

IMPROMPTU.

Vous mérite l'ordre
Et lui *la cord*! (l'accorde.)

"A king of shreds and patches, that from the shelf the precious diadem stole, and put it in his pocket."

SHAKESPEARE.

Is this the man who kings and thrones oppos'd?
 Disgrac'd, defeated, exil'd, and depos'd?
 Whose deeds are written in the soldiers' gore;
 Whose fall no man shall mourn, *no friend deplore*;
 Yet this is he, who nations taught to fear,
 And for whose doom no soul shall shed a tear!
 How art thou fallen! *yesternight* a king,
To-day an abject solitary thing.
 Behold the havoc by ambition made!
 Thy laurels wither, and thy glories fade.
 Doubt not, Napoleon, "*Heaven's hand was here,*"
 And in its mercy check'd thy mad career.
 All, all, is lost! thy triumphs now no more
 Shall echo loudly from each distant shore.
 Offended Heaven thy punishment has sent.
 In *exile* live—and, while you may—**REPENT!**

R. S.

ADDRESS TO LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH

On the white frocks, aprons and other garments, exhibited in honour of his restoration on the road from Hartwell to London.

Tho' *napkins* float wherever you advance,
 You are not King of *clouts* but King of France.
 Great was thy triumph on that glorious day
 When English dames such *favours* would display
 When to express their transport and delight,
 Each made a shift to furnish something white,
 And raised it high to glad thy ravished sight.

Q. B.

PLAN FOR PAYING OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

MR. EDITOR,

A multitude of *wiseacres* have, at different times, formed plans for paying off the National Debt; which happily have been laughed at, but never adopted. I have hit upon one, which, with the *humility* of my planning predecessors, I have no hesitation in saying, is greatly superior to all that have gone before it. Satisfied as I am, that it will completely answer the purpose, I shall make no apology for intruding upon you the request I am about to make, which is simply this, that you will use your good offices with the Chancellor of the Exchequer to get it adopted; and suggest to him the propriety of liberally and immediately rewarding me, for giving him the idea.

That which I would recommend, is this: as the financial embarrassments of all the nations of Europe are owing to Buonaparte, he ought to be made to remove, in some measure, the burthens which he has brought upon them. I do not mean to recommend that his *Elba salary* should be stopped; and given in turn to each of the allies; I would merely have him made to pay some of the expences, of which he was the cause *with his person*. He has made such a noise in the world, that in every nation in Europe (those states excepted, perhaps, which have been favoured with his presence), a great many well meaning people would be willing to pay something considerable to see him. Would it not then be wise, to compel him to make the tour of Europe in one of

Polito's wild-beast caravans; to be exhibited in every country, at so much per head; the proceeds of the show to be paid into the exchequer of the several countries he may visit.

If this plan should be adopted (as I hope it will), perhaps it may be expected that I should give some further hints for the regulations of the business. This I will do at once, that no evil disposed person may affect to think it would not succeed, or attempt to throw ridicule on so important a measure. With the exhibition in Spain, Russia, &c. I have nothing to do. My regulations are only intended to benefit my native country.

On his first arrival, the streets must of course be filled with placards, stating where "the Corsican Monster may be seen alive." The price of admission must, at first, be 100 guineas. This will attract all the sprigs of nobility, who, having more money than wit, endeavour to do away this inequality, by figuring wherever extravagance is the order of the day. To secure their attendance at this price, by the bye, lists of the *ex-Emperor's* visitants must be regularly published in all the newspapers; for these gentry are little disposed to hide their candle under a bushel. (If ostentation did no more than benevolence, public subscriptions would cut a pitiful figure.) One hundred guineas each will do for the first month. The entrance must then be reduced to fifty pounds. Dr. Busby, and all the Quacks, who wish to be mentioned with Lords, Barons, and Knights of the Garter, will now come forward for the pleasure of seeing their names in the list. Care must be taken to mix the names of these persons with those of people of quality—thus:

The Right Honourable Lord Viscount Small-Talk;
50l.

Dr. B. the learned translator of *Lucretius* (of which the 16th edition is about to appear, for the gratification of those who have not yet been able to get a copy of that sublime and super-excellent work), 50l.

Sir Benjamin Bullethead, 50l.

W. T. F. Esq. (who predicted the fall of the tyrant in his last Address to the Literary Fund; for which please to apply to Messrs. Fal De Rol and Co. Paternoster-row, London. Price 8s.) 50l.

After these gentry have been, the price must be gradually lowered. When it gets down to ten guineas, all the City will go and have a stare O! Still descending to hit every pocket, let this celebrated animal at last be exhibited at a shilling each, to those who can do without newspaper *eclat*; and at this price let him go through all the fairs in the kingdom, previous to his re-exportation.

Now, Sir, assuming that in this manner but twenty millions can be raised (which is a vast deal too little, as you must feel), consider what an important aid the sinking fund would receive from the proceeds of this exhibition; and how soon, in the coming time of Peace, the National Debt might be immensely diminished, and finally extinguished, if this plan were properly carried into effect.

I have the honour to be,

A RATIONAL PROJECTOR.

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CREDENTIALS.

A few evenings since, as I was walking on the shore of Harwich, my eye was caught by something floating at a distance. The tide was coming in with the gentle flow of a Spring evening; it soon reached the shore; but before I could approach near enough to make myself master of its nature, some of those happy indolents, who linger round a sea-port, had laid the claim of first possession. It proved to be a box of red leather, similar to those in which dispatches are carried, and full of papers. The contents were rapidly examined, found to contain no potent orders on bankers or monarchs, and sent to float loose on the first vagrant wave. The box was of more value, and became good prize. I stood contemplating the eagerness of plunder exemplified at my side, and the melancholy contrast of human littleness, compared with the sweeping majesty of the overwhelming element before me, when I found at my feet one of the papers which I had seen tossed upon the waters. It was now a mere fragment, scarcely legible; and with all that could lead me to a discovery of its address, totally obliterated. The best conception which I could form of its object, was that of "Directions" to some public functionary abroad, probably a British Minister; and from the course of the tide which set in strongly from the Dutch coast, possibly the Noble Peer who has, for some time, officiated in Holland as Plenipotentiary. Further sketches were given, which seemed to apply to some person in an inferior situation. Some of the "Mandata" may seem

rather singular to you, Sir, as they did to me; this is, however, to be accounted for, on the peculiar nature of British diplomacy, unique in its management, and nearly inconceivable in its operations, by the humbler ranks of mind and society. In pursuance of my conjecture I have inquired and heard, with the delight of a discoverer, that the practice of the Noble Lord in question, and his *commis*, Mr. Hoppner, has been as exquisitely conformable to the original, as if it had been drawn up expressly for their edification. I give you a few of the heads, which I have been best able to decypher.

“*Money.*”

When you arrive, let your first object be to inquire the cheapest and most economical mode of keeping up an establishment. A hired coach, servants on board wages, liveries purchased by the intervention of a Jew broker, are naturally most consistent with the spirit of your mission. Besides, that keenness in those matters will impress strangers with an idea, that you are not to be easily imposed upon.

“*Public Entertainments.*”

Let these be as few as possible, and these few of the most restricted order. The first will save your means for more important objects, the second will secure your understanding. Exemplary moderation at your own table, will naturally give the impression of exemplary prudence; a prejudice equally important and rare in the character of B—— Ministers. Yet this must be relaxed when you dine abroad; there, restraint would look like an affectation of superior wisdom. Attend those entertainments as frequently as you can; they give the best insight into the feelings of the nation.

"Habits of Business."

Early hours give an idea of Ministerial activity. This idea is suspicious. A Minister, in a friendly country, cannot require activity; and notwithstanding the suggestion naturally adopted, that your appointment was given merely as a means of making your fortune, vigour and vigilance will inevitably lower your popularity in H——. It will then be expedient never to rise before noon, to appear to attend to public affairs as little as possible, never to be visible till dinner, and never to be speakable at all.

"Public Instruments."

Let them be uniformly in French. This will give at once an impression of your accomplishments, and of your superiority to feelings of national animosity. If your language be ungrammatical besides, it will prove your patriotism. Perhaps one of the simplest contrivances would be, to give half in English and half in French. For instance, let your visiting cards be inscribed—

"The Earl of C——."

"Ambassadeur Anglois."

* * * * *

* * * * *

"Directions to the Private Secretary."

As your situation at home is necessarily obscure, your most strenuous efforts must be employed in counteracting the contempt which thus naturally falls on you. For this purpose, you must take all opportunities of seeming to act independently of your principal. If his indolence suffers you to have power of any species, guard against any idle mildness in its use. This would expose you to the suspicion of natural servility, and the original meanness of your condition be instantly retorted upon you.

"Passports."

This whole department, which the peculiar qualities of your principal will probably throw into your hands, may become a source of the most important influence to you. By civility to your applicants, you will, besides the inconvenience above-mentioned, be involved in endless solicitation. But let it be once understood, that contempt and insolence are the necessary consequences of the demand, and it will, of course, be seldom made, or turned into other quarters, or erected into a source of easy emolument to yourself. This conduct will be the more feasible, as your situation under the roof of a Minister will, in general, screen you from the usual consequences. However, if you should happen to come in contact with any of those turbulent and untameable persons, who not only threaten you with flagellation, but seem determined on putting their threats in execution, your best mode is to give them their passports, and get rid of them.

"Foreigners."

Should any distressed persons, and particularly Spanish and Portuguese prisoners escaping from France, apply to the Ambassador for passports, now you have an eminent occasion for exhibiting your dignity. All you do here, will be spread through other countries. It can be scarcely necessary to recommend any thing further to you, than to follow the habits of your education and character. These will lead you to pain their feelings in every possible manner, delay their requests at the moment you know delay may be ruinous to their objects; and if you are pressed, get rid of them at once, by sending them and their country to "the infernal regions."

* Mr. Hoppner, at least, was more distinct. On the application of a Spanish Officer of rank for a passport, Mr. Hoppner's choler rose, and this puppy in place loftily bid "Count Fernan Hunez and his Spaniards go to the devil together." This was universally spread through the Hague, and of course admired as a fine display of British spirit and diplomatic affability.

THEATRES.

Other matters of higher importance prevent our at present taking peculiar notice of the theatres. It however happens, either fortunately or unfortunately, that they have afforded during the past month but little to gratify taste or excite curiosity, they chiefly consisting of a few feeble efforts at novelty, such as might be produced by the originality of Mr. Kenny or the classic proprieties of Mr. Farley. Sadak and Kalasrade, a half drama half pantomime, was the prevalent attraction at Covent Garden, that temple of all the idolatry of gilding and gorgeness, machinists, and scene painters. Not that we object to these things, or doubt that the painter might supply us with an entertainment which it would be the last of follies to reject, considering our eternal disappointment, from the regular and regimented poets of the establishment, or that Mr. Greenwood, be what he may, is not immeasurably above Messrs. F. and K. and L. &c. whose names "let oblivion cover."

Our complaint is that, by the popular permission of those things, managers are not yet forced to turn to the better sources of popular interest. We have no very ardent wish to see the law touching upon the theatre, but as an experiment, a mere trial for the time, we own we should not feel inclined to shudder much at an *arret* of Lord Sidmouth's, or Lord Ellenborough, ordaining, under penalty of *premunire*, the immediate exile from the stage of all that stood infected with the evil spirit of panto-

mime for at least three months. We know the calamity which this would draw down upon the metropolitan theatre, the frightful vacancy in the treasurer's books, the desolate aspect of so many furlongs and acres of empty benches, and tho' last, not least in the calculation of revenue, the gradual withdrawing of those flexible fair ones who have so potently got rid of the characteristic cruelty of the sex. This, and even worse, if worse there be, might come crowding and accumulated upon the head of managers, but not feeling much for the sensibility of those personages, or, at all events, feeling more for the convenience of the public, we would revive our spirits by looking forward to the possible good emerging from so much evil. It might, for instance, happen in the course of human probabilities that those painstaking heavy *traducteurs* and traducers of other men's ideas, being found profitless under the new necessity, would be gradually discharged, and something of the nature of an honourable and a fair competition be introduced.

The theatres, once divested of the power of forcing down any given quantity of folly under the shadow of a scene-painter, would be urged to the long untried expedient of ascertaining whether the people could not be charmed back by the legitimate drama. This would be at least a step, and in process of time more might be gained. British genius, turned into this channel, might be distinguished as it was in others, and, in the result, it might be proved, that wretched as the British theatre had been for many a year, this wretchedness was not to be wholly attributed to the brainlessness of the nation.

Those remarks plunge us into the recollection, that we have still to speak of the last new comedy.

Of Mr. Kenny, the reputed author, for it is one of the happy distinctions of Mr. Kenny's intellect, to shield, with its reputation, the efforts of many an inferior bard, foreign and domestic; we will only say, that he has one great concomitant of great powers, prodigious industry. As Burke said of the Americans: "No language, no idiom, that does not lend to his *invention*—no French farce, that is not made tributary to his *originality*—no season, that is not vexed by his toils. The piece is entitled, "Debtor and Creditor;" names formidably familiar to the "genus irritabile." Its plot consists in that extravagant generosity, that prodigal disregard of prudential maxims, and that contemptuous and contemptible foolery, which "make-weight" writers combine into what they call an "amiable eccentric." Its moral (Heaven defend us), is however very good, and very wise, and very pretty. With Mrs. Jordan (poor Mrs. Jordan), to deliver lectures on delicacy, it must produce an exquisite and profitable impression; and with the exception of the scene at the milliner's, which, however interesting in the real life of Bond-street, or Oxford-road, was, as even Mrs. Jordan must admit, rather too *saline* for the boxes—the comedy deserved all the genuine applause it found. It still exhibits, and probably a week or two will elapse, before it is finally undone.

The "Woodman's Hut," at the rival theatre, deserves supreme ridicule, so far as human passion is among its *tentatives*. It is, however, not unamusing, as far as lucky escapes, dextrous tumbling, and harmless explosions, can make it so. We speak of it with lenity, because there can be no doubt that the managers of this house have no small fear of the public before their eyes:

whether this fear is to be the beginning of wisdom, is a question to be determined hereafter; but, for the present, it has had its effect, in making them at least active. The merits of the "Woodman's Hut" consist, as usual, in the machinery; and the blaze of burning forests, and the bursting of mines, contrive to make us endure, with a good grace, the sufferings and sillinesses of the knights and dames, for whom the said conflagrations are summoned. The time must however come, when a British audience will require something of a higher order; and no warning will be idly given, that induces managers to try, whether all the resources of British genius lie actually among the brushmen and fireworkers of their theatre.

Mr. Kean proceeds, and we have no objection to his proceeding. Our limits prevent any detail of his efforts since the last month. We are not unwilling to believe him a man of talents, and are almost glad of any chance that offers, to rescue the stage from the monopoly of an exclusive school. Mr. Kean has, at least, shown good sense in determining to *act* for himself. With Mr. Young, the mimic of Mr. Kemble, and Mr. Kean, the mimic of Mr. Young, no human patience could have been proof against the trial. With Mr. Kean thinking independently, something may be found, and much may be hoped. Without the extravagant predilections of his admirers, we look forward to serious improvement in this actor. He has already all that popular encouragement can give: the house is constantly crowded on his nights of performing.

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